THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER [illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, ... $2,00
Four copies " 6,00
Eight " " and one to getter up of club, 12,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club, 28,00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.—For the SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM see Prospectus, on the inside of the paper.

For $3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one* or *three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Ah, well! it was many a year ago—
I was younger and fairer then, you know;
My eyes were bright and my voice was low
And my step had all its fleetness.
I did not look as I look to-day,
With a withered form and hair grown gray,
When Richard and I had that foolish play
Which robbed our life of its sweetness.

We had always lived in that little glen,
Father, and mother and I, till then,
Alone, but never lonely, and when
Richard wrote from the city,
To say he was tired of his dusty books,
And longed for the country's cool, green nooks,
Its birds and blossoms, its trees and brooks,
I thought it was quite a pity.

I knew very little of city folk's ways,
But if he was like two or three popinjays
Who sometimes came down to neighbor Gray's,
We'd do just as well without him.
You see, it had happened, I don't know how,
That I never had met Cousin Richard till now,
And I curled my lips and knitted my brow
Whenever I thought about him.

But I lost no time in thinking such stuff,
For things around us looked rather rough,
And mother and I were busy enough
In "fixing up" for the summer.
Well, father one day hitched up old Jane,
And drove the buggy off down the lane
In time to reach the afternoon train,
To meet and bring home the new comer.

Before they returned it grew quite late,
Supper was ready and had to wait—
When I saw them coming in at the gate,—
Father and Richard Benton.
I hardly dared raise up my head,
But I felt my cheeks turn suddenly red
When he held out his hand, and pleasantly said,
"Is this my cousin, Kate Denton?"

I soon discovered that Richard's ways
Were not at all like the popinjays
Who sometimes came down to neighbor Gray's
To astonish the country nation;
He was another sort of a man,
Honest and true, on God's own plan,
And some one has said that an honest man
Is the noblest work of creation.

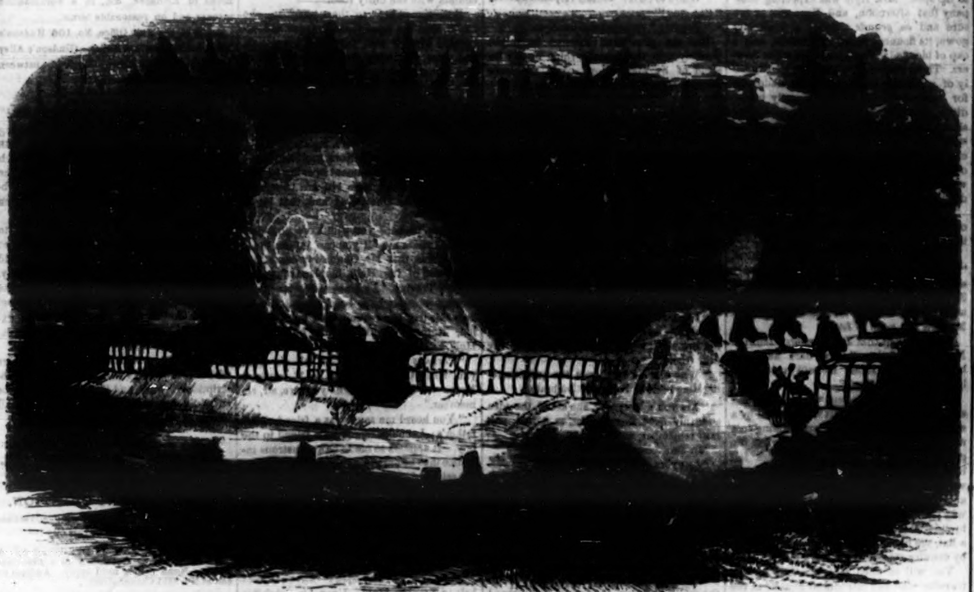
I don't know just what brought it about—
(It came the usual way, no doubt,)
But Richard and I ere long found out
That each was dear to the other.
Before the summer was gone, one day,
In his own straightforward, manly way,
Richard said what he had to say,
And never said to another.

From that, the sweet days glided past
(When we are happy they go so fast!)
Without a shadow, until at last
Darkened the storm of sorrow.
I was hasty and Richard proud—
Both of us angry—and both of us vowed
Not to explain, and thus the cloud
Parted us on the morrow.

Ah, well! it was many a year ago—
I never speak of him now, you know,
But this morning you asked me to tell you,
and so
That is all of the story.
If we had governed our foolish pride,
I might have been a happy young bride,
And walked through life by Richard's side,
His love its crowning glory.

Ladoga, Ind.

☞ "Don't you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each. "Yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."



EFFECT OF TWO SHELLS, FIRED AT A REBEL COTTON BATTERY, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON, N. C.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from an engraving in "Frank Leslie," represents a recent incident at the rebel siege of Washington, N. C. It is from a sketch by Solon M. Allis, of the Massachusetts 21st. The rebels failed in their siege of Washington, and now say "they never meant to take it!"

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STRANGER WITH THE RED UMBRELLA.

When Mrs. Chattaway and Cris drove off in the dog-cart, George Ryle did not follow them down the avenue, but turned to pursue his way round the house, which would take him to the fields, a shorter cut to his own land than if he took the road. For a long while after his father's death, George could not bear to go through that field which had been so fatal to him; but he overgot the feeling by the aid of that great reconciler—time.

Happening to cast his eyes on the ornamental grounds as he skirted them, which lay on this side of the Hold, he saw Rupert Trevlyn. Leaping a dwarf hedge of azaroles to save the time of going round by the gates, he hastened to Rupert.

"Well, old fellow; taking a nap?"

Rupert opened his half-closed eyes, and looked round with alacrity.

"I thought it was Cris again!" he exclaimed. "He was here just now."

"Cris has gone out with his mother in the dog-cart. I don't like the horse he is driving her with, though."

"Is it that new horse he has been getting?"

"Yes; the one Atkins has had to sell."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Rupert. "I saw it carrying Atkins one day, and thought it a beautiful animal."

"It has a vicious temper, as I have been given to understand. And I believe it has never been properly broken in for harness. How do you feel to-day, Rupert?"

"No great shakes. I wish I was as strong as you, George?"

George laughed pleasantly; and his voice, when he spoke, had a soothing sound in it.

"So you may be, by the time you are as old as I. Why, you have hardly done growing yet, Rupert. There's plenty of time for you to get strong."

"What brings you up here, George? Anything particular?"

"I saw Amelia to-day, and brought a message from her to mamma. Caroline is coming home for the harvest home, and Amelia wants to come too."

"Oh, they'll let her," cried Rupert. "The girls can do just as they like."

He, Rupert, leaned his chin on his hand, and began thinking of Amelia Chattaway. She was the oldest of the three younger children, and was at first under the tuition of Maude; but Maude could do nothing with her, the young lady liking to be master and mistress; in fact, she was too old both for Maude's control and her instruction, and it was deemed well to place her at a good school at Barmester, the same school where Caroline Ryle was being educated. Somehow Rupert's comforts were never added to by the presence of Amelia in the house, and he might have given way to hopes that she would not come home, but that he knew they would be vain.

Octave, who had discerned George Ryle from the windows of the Hold, came out to them, her pink parasol shading her face from the sun. A short while, and Miss Trevlyn came home and joined them; next came Maude and her charges. It was quite a merry gathering. Miss Trevlyn unbent from her coldness, as she could do sometimes; Octave was all smiles and suavity, and everybody save Rupert seemed at ease. Altogether, George Ryle was beguiled into doing what could not be often charged upon him—spending a good part of an afternoon in idleness.

"You seem very listless to-day, Rupert?" remarked Miss Trevlyn, as he partially lay on the garden bench, taking no notice of anybody.

"I'm tired, Aunt Diana. I suppose I can't get over the not going to bed the night before last."

"I should recommend you to go and lie down now," said Miss Diana.

"I think I will," replied Rupert; but he did not stir to go.

George looked at his watch, and started when he saw the hour—twenty-five minutes past three. With the briefest possible adieu, he hastened away.

The stables, the rick-yard, the barns and other outbuildings belonging to the Hold, were on his right, partially behind the house as he wound on his way. He had no occasion to go near them, and did not; but no sooner had he turned into the first of the fields, called nothing but "the bull's field," by the country people, from the hour of the accident to Mr. Ryle, than he encountered Jim Sanders, breathless and eager.

"What's the matter?" asked George. "What do you want here?"

"I was a speeding up to the Hold to tell 'em, sir. There have been an accident with Mr. Cris's dog-cart. I thought I'd warn the men up at his place."

"What accident?" hastily asked George, mentally beholding but one sole object, and that was Mrs. Chattaway.

"I don't know yet, sir, what it is. I was in the road by the gate when a horse came tearing along with some broken shafts after it. It was that horse of Atkins's which I see Mr. Cris a-driving out an hour ago in his dog-cart, and madam along of him. So I cut across the fields at once."

"You can go on," said George; "some of the men will be about. Should you see Miss Diana, or any of the young ladies, take care that you say nothing to them. Do you hear?"

"I'll mind, sir."

Jim Sanders hastened out of the field on his way to the back premises of the Hold, and George flew down it. When he gained the road he looked up and down, but could see no traces of the accident. Nothing was in sight. Which way should he turn? Where had it occurred? He began reproaching himself with stupidity for not asking Mr. Jim Sanders which way the horse had been coming from. As he halted in indecision, somebody suddenly came round the turning of the road lower down. It was Mr. Cris Chattaway, with a rueful expression of countenance, and a gig whip in his hand.

George made but few strides towards him.

"What is the worst, Cris? Let me know it."

"I'll have him taken in charge and prosecuted, as sure as a gun," raved Cris; "I will. It's infamous that these things should be allowed in the public road."

"What—the horse?" exclaimed George.

"Horse be hanged!" politely returned Cris, whose irritation was excessive. "It wasn't the horse's fault. Nothing could go steadier and better than he went all the way and back again, as far as this—"

"Where's Mrs. Chattaway?" interrupted George.

"On the bank, down there. She's all right; only shook a bit. The fellow's name was on the thing, and I have copied it down, and I've sent a man off for a constable. I'll teach him that he can't go about the country plying his trade and frightening gentlemen's horses with impunity."

In spite of Cris's incoherence and passion, George contrived to gather an inkling of the facts. They had taken a short, easy drive down the lower road and through Barbrook, the horse going (according to Cris) beautifully. But on the road home, in that lonely part between the Hold and Trevlyn Farm, there stood a razor-grinder with his machine, grinding a knife. Whether the whirr of the wheel did not please the horse; whether it was the aspect of the machine, or whether it might be the razor-grinder himself, a somewhat tattered object in a fur cap, the animal no sooner came near than he began his favorite dance on the hind legs, and backed towards the ditch. Cris did his best. He was a good whip, and a fearless one; but he could not conquer.—The horse turned Mrs. Chattaway into the ditch, relieved his mind by a few kicks, and started off with part of the shafts behind him.

"Are you much hurt, dear Mrs. Chattaway?" asked George, tenderly, as he bent over her.

She looked up with a smile, but her face was of a death-like whiteness. Fortunately, the ditch, a wide ditch, was dry: for several weeks they had had a succession of fine weather: and she sat on the sloping bank, her feet resting in it. The body of the dog-cart lay near, and several gazers, chiefly laboring men, stood around, staring helplessly. The razor-grinder was protesting *his* immunity from blame in a loud key of resentment that it should have been cast to him, and the hapless machine remained in its place untouched, drawn up close to the pathway on the opposite side of the road.

"You need not look at me so anxiously, George," Mrs. Chattaway replied, the smile still on her face. "I don't believe I am hurt. One of my elbows is smarting, but I really feel no pain, to say pain, anywhere. I am shaken, of course; but that's not much. I wish I had taken your advice, not to sit behind that horse."

"Cris says he has gone beautifully until he was frightened."

"Did Cris say so? It appeared to me that he had trouble with him all the way: but Cris knows, of course."

"Where has Cris gone now?" asked George, who had omitted to ask the question of that gentleman.

"He said he would go to the Hold, and send the carriage to take me home. But I think I could walk. I don't care to sit here to be stared at longer than I can help," she added, with a half smile.

"Try if you can walk," replied George.

He leaped into the ditch, and partly helped, partly lifted her up the bank, low on that side, and took her on his arm.

"Oh, yes, I can walk, George, thank you. With your assistance I shall get home very well."

She walked but slowly, however, and leaned heavily upon him. At the turning to the fields, Mrs. Chattaway made a halt, uncertain whether to take it.

"No," said she, answering her own thoughts. "It is more up-hill that way, though it may be a little nearer. If I go this, I can take a rest at the lodge."

Old Canham was pacing up and down the road when they arrived, and Ann came out full of consternation. They had seen the horse with his broken shafts gallop past, and recognized it for the one recently driven by Cris when he had passed with madam through the gates.

"Then there's no bones broke, thank Heaven!" said Ann Canham, with tears in her meek eyes.

She drew forward her father's arm-chair right in front of the open door, and Mrs. Chattaway sat down in it. She felt that she must have air, she said.

"If I had but a sup o' brandy for madam!" cried old Canham, as he stood near her and leaned all his weight on his stick.

George seized upon the words.

"I will go to the Hold and get some."

And before Mrs. Chattaway could stop him, or say that she would prefer not to take the brandy, he was away.

Almost at the same minute they heard the fast approach of a horse, and the master of Trevlyn Hold rode in at the gates. To describe his surprise when he saw his wife sitting, an apparent invalid, in old Canham's chair, and old Canham and Ann standing near, in evident consternation, nearly as pale as she was, would be a difficult task.—He reined in so quickly that his horse was flung back on his haunches.

"Is anything the matter? Has madam been taken ill?" cried he to the nearest to him, which happened to be Ann Canham.

"There has been a accident, sir," answered Ann Canham, with a meek curtsey.—"Mr. Christopher was driving out madam in the dog-cart, and they were throwed out."

Mr. Chattaway got off his horse.

"How did it happen?" he exclaimed to his wife, an angry expression crossing his face. "Was it Cris's fault? I hate that random driving of his!"

"I am not hurt, James; only a little shaken," she replied, with deprecating gentleness. "Cris was not to blame. There was a razor-grinder in the road, grinding knives, and it frightened the horse."

"Which horse was he driving?" hastily demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"A new one. One he bought from Atkins."

The reply did not please Mr. Chattaway.

"I told Cris he should not buy that horse," he angrily said. "Is the dog-cart injured?"

It was apparent from the question that Mr. Chattaway had not passed the *débris* in the road. He must have come the other way, or perhaps across the common.

Mrs. Chattaway did not dare to say that she believed the dog-cart was very extensively injured.

"The shafts are broken," she said.

"Where did it occur?" growled Mr. Chattaway.

"A little lower down the road. George Ryle came up soon after it happened, and I walked here with him. Cris went to the Hold to send the carriage, but I shall get home without it."

"It might have been worse, Squire," interposed old Canham, who, as a dependent of Trevlyn Hold, felt compelled sometimes to give the "Squire" his title to his face, though he never would, or did, behind his back. "Nothing hardly happens to us, sir, in this world, but what's more eased to us than it might be."

Mr. Chattaway had stood with his horse's bridle over his arm.

"Would you like to walk home with me, now?" he asked of his wife. "I can lead the horse."

"Thank you, James. I think I must rest here a little longer. I had but just got here when you came."

"I'll send for you," said Mr. Chattaway, "or come back myself when I have left the horse at home. Mr. Cris will hear more than he likes from me about this business."

"Such a untoward thing has never happened to Mr. Cris afore, sir," observed Mark Canham. "There's never surer nor better driver than him for miles round. The young heir, now, he's different: a bit timid, I fancy, and—"

"Who?" burst forth Mr. Chattaway, taking his foot from the stirrup, for he was about to mount, and hurling down daggers, if looks could hurl them, at Mark Canham. "The young heir! To whom do you dare apply that title?"

Had the old man purposely launched a sly shaft at the master of Trevlyn Hold, or

Had he spoken only in inadvertence?—He [illegible] to repair the damage as he best could.

"Squire, I be growing old, now—more by sickness, though, than by age—and things and people gets muddled together in my mind. In the by-gone days, it was a Rupert Trevlyn that was the heir, and I can't at all times call to mind that this Rupert Trevlyn is not so: the name is the same, you see. What has set me to speak such a stupid mistake this afternoon I can't tell, unless it was the gentleman's words that was here but an hour ago. He kept calling Master Rupert the heir; and he wouldn't call him nothing else."

Mr. Chattaway's face grew darker.

"What gentleman was that, pray?"

"I never see him afore in my life, sir," returned old Canham. "He was a stranger to the place, asking all manner of questions about it. He called Master Rupert the heir, and I stopped him, saying he made a mistake, for Master Rupert was not the heir.—And he answered I was right so far, that Master Rupert, instead of being the heir of Trevlyn Hold, was its master. I couldn't help staring at him when he said it."

Chattaway felt as if his blood was curdling. Was this the first act in the great drama of dread which had been so long upon him?

"Where did he come from? What sort of a man was he?" he mechanically asked, all symptoms of anger having died away in his sudden fear.

Old Canham shook his head.

"I don't know nothing about where he's from, sir. He came strolling inside the gates as folks strange to a place will do, looking about 'em just for curiosity's sake. He saw me a sitting at the open winder, and he asked what place this was, and I told him it was Trevlyn Hold. He said that he thought so, that he had been walking about looking out for Trevlyn Hold: and he leaned his arm upon the winder sill, and put nigh upon a hundred questions to me."

"What were the questions?" eagerly rejoined Mr. Chattaway.

"I should be puzzled to tell you the half of 'em, sir, but they all bore upon Trevlyn Hold. About the squire's death and the will and the succession; about everything, in short. At last I told him that I didn't know many particulars myself, and he'd better go to you or to Miss Diana."

Mrs. Chattaway stole a glance at her husband. Her face was paler than the accident had made it; with a more terrified paleness. The impression clinging to her mind, and of which she had spoken to her husband the previous night—that Rupert Trevlyn was on the eve of being restored to his rights—seemed terribly strong upon her now.

"He was a tall, thin, strange-looking man, with a foreign look about him, and a red umbrellar. A long, white beard he'd got, sir, like a goat, and a odd hat, made of cloth or crape, or some mourning stuff. His tongue wasn't quite like a English tongue, either. I shouldn't wonder but he was a lawyer, squire; nobody else wouldn't surely think of such a string of questions—"

"Did he—did he put the questions as an official person might put them?" rapidly interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

Old Canham hesitated; at a loss what precise reply to give.

"He put 'em as though he wanted answers to 'em," returned he at length. "He said a word or two, sir, that made me think he'd been intimate once with the young squire, Mr. Joe, and he asked whether his boy or his girl had growed up most like him. He wondered, he said, whether he should know either of 'em by the likeness, when he came to meet 'em, as he should do to-day or to-morrow."

"And what more?" gasped Mr. Chattaway.

"There was nothing more, sir, in particular. He took his elbow off the winder sill, and he went through the gates again, and down the road. It seemed to me as if he had come into the neighborhood for some special purpose connected with them questions."

It seemed so to somebody else also. When the master of Trevlyn Hold mounted his horse and rode him slowly through the avenue towards home, a lively fear, near and horrible, had replaced that vague dread which had so long lain latent in his heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COLLECTION IN THE ROAD.

The calm beauty of the autumn afternoon was marred by the hubbub and commotion of the crowd in the road. The rays of the bright sun came slanting through the many-colored foliage of the trees, the deep blue sky was without a cloud, the air was still, mild, balmy: the whole imparting an idea of peace. But in that dusty highway, so lonely at other times in that particular spot, there had gathered a throng of people, and they talked and swayed, and altogether made much clatter and disturbance.

A throng that was momentarily being added to. Stragglers came up from all directions with eager eyes, panting breath, and open mouth. An accident, such as this which had befel Madam Chattaway and her son, is an event in a locality where accidents are rare. An overset and broken shafts may be seen any day in the streets of London, but in a rustic place it is one of the incidents to be remembered in a life-time.

The affair had got wind. How these affairs do get wind—unless the wind itself propagates them—who can tell? It had been exaggerated in the usual fashion. "Madam was killed; and the dog-cart smashed to pieces; and the horse lamed; and Mr. Cris wounded." Half the gaping people who came up believed it all: and the chief hubbub was caused, not so much by the discussion of the accident, as by endeavors at explanation that its effects were less disastrous.

The news had travelled with its embellishments to Trevlyn Farm, amidst other places; and it brought out Nora. Not stopping to put anything on, she took her way to the spot. Mrs. Ryle was expecting company that afternoon, and Nora was at leisure and *en grande toilette*: a black silk gown, its flounces edged with velvet, and a cap of blonde lace trimmed with white flowers. Those gathered on the spot were mostly of an inferior order, and they made way for her. The dog-cart lay, partly in the ditch, partly out of it, what remained of its shafts sticking up in a piteous fashion, and sundry cracks and rents visible in its body; opposite to it was the grinding machine, its owner silent now and chap-fallen, as he inwardly speculated upon what the law could do to him.

"Then it's not true that madam's killed?" cried Nora, after listening to the explanations.

A dozen voices answered the question. "Madam warn't hurt to speak of, only shook a bit: she had telled 'em so herself. She had walked off on Mr. George Ryle's arm, without waiting for the carriage what Mr. Cris had gone to fetch."

"I'll be about that Jim Sanders," retorted Nora, wrathfully. "How dare he come bringing in such tales? He said madam was lying dead in the road."

She had barely spoken, when the throng standing over the dog-cart was invaded by a new comer, one who had been walking in a neighboring field, and wondered what the collection could mean. The rustics fell back and stared at him: first, because he was a stranger, secondly, because his appearance was somewhat out of the common way; thirdly, because he carried a red umbrella. A tall man with a long white beard, a hat, the like of which had never been seen by country eyes, and a foreign look.

You will at once recognize him for the traveller who had introduced himself at the parsonage as the Rev. Mr. Daw, a friend of its owner. The crowd, having had no such introduction, could only stare, marvelling where he came from, and whether he had dropped from the clouds. He had been out all the afternoon, taking notes of the neighborhood, and since his conversation with old Canham—which you heard related afterwards to Mr. Chattaway, to that gentleman's intense dread—he had plunged into the fields on the opposite side of the way. There he had remained, musing and wandering, until aroused by the commotion in the road, to which he speedily made his way.

"What has happened?" he exclaimed. "An accident?"

The assemblage fell back to give him a wide berth. Rustics are prone to be suspicious of strangers, if their appearance is peculiar, and not one found a ready answer. Nora, however, whose tongue had, perhaps, never been at fault in her life, stood her ground.

"There's not much damage done, so far as I can learn," she said in her usual free manner. "The dog-cart's the worst. There it lies. It was Cris Chattaway's own; and I should think it will be a lesson to him not to be so fond of driving strange horses."

"Is it to the Chattaways that the accident has occurred?" asked the stranger.

Nora nodded. She was stooping down to survey more critically the damages of the dog-cart.

"Cris Chattaway was driving his mother out," she said, rising. "He was trying a strange horse, and this was the result," touching the near wheel with her foot. "Madam was thrown into the ditch here."

"And hurt?" laconically asked Mr. Daw.

"Only shaken—as they say. But a shaking may be dangerous for one so delicate as Madam Chattaway. A pity but it had been *him*."

Nora spoke the last word with emphasis so demonstrative that her hearer raised his eyes, a questioning wonderment in them.

"Of whom do you speak?" he said.

"Of Chattaway: madam's husband. A shaking might be of benefit to him."

"You don't like him, apparently," observed the stranger.

"I don't know who does," freely spoke Nora.

"Ah," said Mr. Daw, quietly. "Then I am not singular. *I* don't."

"Do you know him?" she rejoined.

But to this the stranger gave no answer; he had evidently no intention of giving any; and the reticence whetted Nora's curiosity more than any answer could have done, however obscure or mysterious. Perhaps no living woman within a circuit of five miles had a curiosity equal to that of Nora Dickson.

"Where have you known Chattaway?" she exclaimed.

"It does not signify," said the stranger. "He is in the enjoyment of Trevlyn Hold, I hear."

To say "I hear" in application to the subject, imparted the idea that the stranger had but just come to the hearing. Nora threw her quick black eyes searchingly upon him.

"Have you lived in a wood, not to know that James Chattaway was the possessor of Trevlyn Hold?" she said, with her characteristic plainness of speech. "He has enjoyed it these twenty years, to the exclusion of Rupert Trevlyn."

"Rupert Trevlyn is its rightful owner," said the stranger, almost as demonstratively as Nora herself could have spoken.

"Ah," said Nora, with a sort of indignant grunt, "the whole parish knows that. But Chattaway has got possession of it, you see."

"Why doesn't somebody help Rupert Trevlyn to his rights?"

"Who's to do it?" crossly responded Nora. "Can you?"

"Possibly," returned the stranger.

Had the gentleman asserted he might possibly help the moon to shine by day instead of by night, Nora could not have evinced more intense surprise.

"Help—him—to—his—rights!" she slowly repeated in consternation. "But do you mean to say you could displace Chattaway?"

"Possibly," was the repeated laconic answer.

"Why—who are you?" uttered the amazed Nora.

A smile flitted for a moment over Mr. Daw's countenance, the first symptom of a break to its composed sadness, that had been seen there. But he gave no other reply.

"Do you know Rupert Trevlyn?" she reiterated.

But even to that there was no direct answer.

"I came to this place partly to see Rupert Trevlyn," were the words that issued from his lips. "I knew his father; he was my dear friend."

"Who can he be?" was the question reiterating itself in Nora's active brain.

"Are you a lawyer?" she asked, the idea suddenly occurring to her, as it had, you may remember, to old Canham.

Mr. Daw coughed.

"Lawyers are keen men," was his answering remark, and Nora could have beaten him for its tantalising vagueness. But before she could say more, an interruption occurred.

This conversation had been carried on aloud; neither the stranger nor Nora having deemed it necessary to speak in a low tone. The consequence of which was that those in the midst of whom they stood had listened with open ears, drawing their own deductions—and very remarkable deductions some of them were. The knife-grinder—though a stranger to the local politics, and totally uninterested in them, except in-so-far as that those spoken of, the Chattaways, might endeavor to bring him to account for the exercising of his trade that unlucky afternoon and thereby frightening the horse—the knife-grinder had listened with the rest. One conclusion that *he* hastily came to at this juncture, was, that the remarkable-looking gentleman with the white beard *was* a lawyer; and he pushed himself to the front of the throng.

"You be a lawyer, master," he broke in, with some excitement. "Would ye mind telling of me whether they *can* harm me. If I ain't at liberty to ply my trade under a road-side hedge, but I must be took up and punished, for it; why its a fresh wrinkle as I've got to learn. I've done it all my life; others as is in the same trade does it; can the law touch us?"

Mr. Daw had turned in wonderment. He had heard nothing of the grinding machine in connection with the accident, and the man's address was unintelligible. A score of voices hastened to enlighten him, but before it was well done, the eager knife-grinder's rose above the rest.

"Can the laws touch me for it, master?"

"I cannot tell you," was the answer.

The man's low brow scowled fitfully; he was somewhat ill-looking to the eye of a physiognomist.

"What'll it cost?" he roughly said, taking from his pocket a bag in which was a handful of copper money mixed with a sprinkling of small silver, mostly sixpenny and fourpenny pieces. "I might have knowed a lawyer wouldn't give nothing for nothing, but I'll pay to know. If the laws can be down upon me for grinding of a knife in the highway as is open to the world, all I can say is as the law is infamous."

He stood looking at the stranger, with an air and manner of demand, not of supplication—and rather insulting demand, too. Mr. Daw showed no signs of resenting the incipient insolence; on the contrary, his voice took a kind and sympathising tone.

"My good man! you may put up your money. I can give you no information about the law, simply because I am ignorant of its bearing on these cases. In the old days, when I was an inhabitant of England, I have seen many a machine such as yours plying its trade in the public roads, and the law, as I supposed, could not touch them, neither did it attempt to. But that may be altered now; there has been time enough for it since I left; years and years have passed from the period when I last set foot on English soil."

The razor-grinder, frowning none the less, thrust his bag into his pocket again, and began to push back to the spot from whence he had come forward; the gaping mob had listened with open ears. But they had gained little further information. Whether he was a lawyer or whether he was not; where he had come from, and what his business was among them, unless it was the placing of young Rupert Trevlyn in possession of his "rights," they could not tell.

Nora could not tell—and the fact did not please her. If there was one thing that provoked Nora Dickson more than all else, it was to be balked in her curiosity. She felt that she had been balked now. Turning short round in a temper, speaking not a syllable to the stranger by way of a polite adieu, she began to retrace her steps to Trevlyn Farm, picking up the flounces of her black silk gown and holding them round her middle that they might not come in contact with the dusty road.

But—somewhat to her surprise—she found that the mysterious stranger had extricated himself also from the busy mob, and was following her footsteps. Nora was rather on the high ropes just then, and would not notice him. He, however, accosted her.

"By what I gathered, from a word or two you let fall, I should assume that you are a friend of Rupert Trevlyn's, ma'am?"

"I hope I am," said Nora, mollified at the prospect of enlightenment opening to her. "Few folks about here but are friends to him, unless its Chattaway and that lot at the Hold."

"Then perhaps you will have no objection to inform me—if you can inform me—how it was that Mr. Chattaway came into possession of the Hold, in place of young Rupert Trevlyn. I cannot understand how it could possibly have been. Until I came here this day I never supposed but that the lad, Rupert, was the squire of Trevlyn Hold."

"Perhaps you'll first of all tell me what you want the information for?" returned Nora. "I don't know who you are, sir, remember."

"You heard me say I was a friend of his father's; I should like to be a friend to the boy. It appears to me to be a monstrous injustice that he should not have succeeded to the estate of his ancestors. Has he been *legally deprived of it?*"

"As legally as a legal will could deprive him," was the reply of Nora. "Legality and justice don't always go together in our parts; I don't know what they may do in yours."

"Joe Trevlyn—my friend—was the direct heir to Trevlyn Hold. Upon his death his son became the heir. Why did he not succeed?"

"There are folks that say he was cheated out of it," replied Nora, with a very significant sniff.

"Cheated out of it?"

"It's said that the news of Rupert's birth was never suffered to reach the ears of Squire Trevlyn. That the squire went to his grave, never knowing that he had a grandson in the direct male line—went to it after willing the estate to Chattaway."

"Kept from it by whom?" eagerly cried Mr. Daw.

"By those who had an interest in keeping it from him—Chattaway, and Miss Diana Trevlyn. It is so said, I say; *I* don't assert it. There may be danger in speaking too decisively to a stranger," candidly added Nora.

"There is no danger in speaking to me," he frankly said. "I have told you but the truth—that I am a friend of young Rupert Trevlyn's. Chattaway is not a friend of mine, and I never saw him in my life."

Nora, won over to forget caution and ill-temper, opened her heart to the stranger. She told him all she knew of the enacted fraud—a tacit fraud, surely, if not an active one—she told him of Rupert's friendlessness, of his undesirable position at the Hold. Nora's tongue, once set going upon any grievance which she felt strongly, could not be stopped. It was like the wheels of a clock, that once wound up, must and will run down. They walked on until the fold-yard gate of Trevlyn Farm was reached. There Nora came to a halt. And there she was in the midst of a finishing oration, delivered with forcible eloquence, and there the stranger was listening eagerly, when they were interrupted by George Ryle.

Nora ceased suddenly. The stranger looked round, and seeing a gentleman-like man who evidently belonged in some way to Nora, lifted his hat. George returned it.

"It's somebody strange to the place," unceremoniously pronounced Nora, by way of introducing him to George. "He was asking about Rupert Trevlyn."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD.—Estimate the cubic yard of gold at $2,000,000—which it is in round numbers—and all the gold in the world might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high, so small is the cube of yellow metal that has set the populations on the march, and roused the whole world to wonder. The contributions of the people in the time of David, for the sanctuary, exceeded $35,000,000. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place"—a room only thirty feet square—amounted to more than $38,000,000.

☞ Some say that George Fox founded the Society of Friends, but, according to Professor Agassiz, the earth itself was the first *quaker*.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. S. We cannot give you the information desired.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

We recently saw the following advertisement in the *Daily Press* of this city:—

> A COLORED MAN IS DESIROUS OF A situation as Coachman in a first-class family. None others need apply. Address or call at No. 1514 Carver street.

We also see it stated that a laundress recently advertised for a situation in a New York paper, saying that in order "to save trouble, none but the highest families need apply."

In view of such advertisements, the question becomes a matter of importance, what constitutes a "first-class family," or, as the laundress phrases it, the "highest families." We all know the definition of "respectability," as given by a witness before a committee of the English House of Commons; he defined a "respectable" man as "one who kept a gig." But we suppose that a man may be "respectable," and yet not one of the "first-class" or the "highest" families—and, moreover, the rule that may apply to aristocratic England may not apply to the republican United States.

Is it the possession of wealth that constitutes in the eyes of the sable advertiser a "first-class" family? Is young Shoddy, who has recently made his million by supplying the Government with army cloth, and Suet, who has grown fat and plethoric on army hides and tallow, and both of whom have emerged from narrow little streets, and are now sunning themselves amid the gorgeous magnificence of the West End, do they belong to the "highest" families? We are afraid that coachman Sambo and laundress Bridget would indignantly deny that they constituted "the quality." Whether Sambo, who probably has lived in the "Souf," and therefore is deeply grounded in aristocratic principles, would admit that any one who had made his own money, even in the most unexceptionable mercantile fashion, belonged to the "fust families," we consider rather doubtful. Sambo doubtless thinks that it requires several generations of shopkeeping or speculative wealth, to give "low white trash" an assured position in "de higher circles."

Amid the difficulties which surround this question, it might afford some enlightenment if we only had a list of those families which responded to Sambo's and Bridget's advertisements. Then we should see at least some of those who consider themselves to be "first-class" families. This might prove a hint to give our inquiries the proper direction, if nothing more. We might then be enabled to see whether it is the possession of wealth, or of talents, or of distinguished descent, or of political office, or of the whole of these united, which constitute a "first-class" family.

We wonder if Sambo and Bridget would consider a response from A. Lincoln, White House, Washington, as one that they could safely entertain, with due consideration of their own claims to "respectability?" Mr. Lincoln has high office, and, to say the least, fair talents, but great wealth and distinguished descent would be wanting in his case. And yet, if the President himself should be ruled out of the list, who else could have the presumption to apply?

The truth is, that the determination of the question who constitute the "first" families in this country, seems to be attended with great difficulties—difficulties which increase instead of diminishing as we consider them. If the "first" families would only stay first for a while—long enough, at least, to be "counted in"—the question would be comparatively easy of solution. But up and down, down and up, seems to be so much the rule of American life, that no sooner do all people begin to admit the claims of a family to be considered among the "first," than—presto, change, and we have that family down below the surface, and another up in its place. Even A. Lincoln, ruler of peoples and of armies—great dispenser of office and rewards, to those generally whose impudence is their principal claim to deserving them—even "the occupier of the most honorable position in the power of man to bestow," (as stump orators are fond of saying, and stump audiences of hearing,)—even he, a few years hence, may be as insignificant, as unimportant, as uncared for, as ex-President Pierce—to say nothing (as we desire to be tolerably respectful) of James Buchanan.

☞ *Sic transit gloria mundi*—which, as our readers know, may be very freely translated, No glory lasts over Monday.

But we must leave our subject undetermined. We are not able, after all our thought, to inform our readers who constitute the "first" families and the "highest" families. And all we can hope for is, that the practice of refusing all responses from the members of those classes, will not become general with coachmen and laundresses. If it does, how the great majority of our wealthy fellow citizens—even of those who live in marble front and brownstone mansions—are to be accommodated with driving and washing, puzzles us to determine.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

[CHANCELLORSVILLE.]

Fling out the Flag once more
  Against the Southern sky,
Its stripes all stained with gore,
  Its stars with crimson dye;
For never on our sight
  Shone heaven's auroral gleams,
As in this hour of night
  Our country's banner streams.
    Fling out the Flag once more!

Defeat may doom a cause,
  Born of disgrace and shame—
Such needs the world's applause,
  The summer heats of fame.
Our oak but stands more fast,
  The fiercer blows the storm,
For ev'n the chilling blast
  With God's own breath is warm.
    Fling out the Flag once more!

We fight no selfish fight,
  For party or for clan,
Our cause the cause of Right,
  And universal Man;
We fight to-day that Peace
  For centuries may be ours,
With all its glad increase
  Of Freedom's fruits and flowers.
    Fling out the Flag once more!

Why Fate still seems to chide,
  It is not ours to know,
Perhaps 'mid roots of pride
  The plough must deeper go.
Faint not, faint heart, but on—
  God is above thee still.
Who has the Right has won,
  Even on Calvary's hill.
    Fling out the Flag once more!

Then fling the Flag once more
  Against the Southern sky,
Its stripes all stained with gore,
  Its stars with crimson dye.
For never on our sight
  Shone heaven's auroral gleams,
As in this hour of night
  Our country's banner streams.

H. P.

THE EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

☞ From one of the hospitals we get this characteristic incident:—An Irish soldier had died, and left behind him at home an affectionate father and a faithful wife to weep over the news of his death and to mourn his loss. The usual letter was written by the nurse who had charge of the ward he died in, stating the fact of his death, and asking their pleasure as to his effects and remains. In due time the answer came, and ran something like this: His dues from Government (about six dollars) were to be carefully forwarded; but, owing to the expense, they had concluded not to send for his body, but had "*decently waked his clothes!*"

☞ At one of the stations on the Acquia road, where the subsistence is received and delivered, a very faithful man was fatally injured, and died one day not long since. The Commissary wrote the following epitaph, which marks the spot where he is buried:—

"Here lies the body of Michael Farrell,
Who lost his life in rolling a barrel;
Life is sweet, but he gave up his existence
In furnishing the army with needful subsistence."

☞ There are no whispers like those of the ocean and the leaves of trees.

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. D. B.

V.

The ranks of the dissidents were soon augmented by numbers of constitutionalists, who, under Prince Radzivil, declared themselves in favor of toleration and against the action of the diet. That body, alarmed at the consequences of its ill-judged proceedings, hastened to rectify its error, and sought by repealing the obnoxious decrees to satisfy the irate Empress. But Catherine still demanded that equality of rights should be secured to the dissidents, and forty thousand Russians marched into the Polish territory to enforce her demand. The Russian general obtained possession of Warsaw, and inveigled Radzivil into custody. Nicholas Repnin, Catherine's ambassador, then obliged Stanislas to summon a diet extraordinary, to which he proposed measures entirely subversive of the dignity and independence of the Polish nation. This proposition was firmly resisted, and the bishop of Cracow, who had signified in the previous diet his intolerant spirit, now openly reviled the dissidents and their Russian supporters. This was more than the haughty Repnin could endure; and by his orders the bold prelate, together with several of the most distinguished members of the diet, was seized by the Russian troops and conveyed to the inhospitable region of Siberia, where for six years they expiated the crime of having opposed the wishes of Catherine II. Repnin addressed a letter to the Confederates in palliation of this outrage, stating that these senators "had failed, by their conduct, in the respect that is due to the dignity of her imperial majesty by attacking the purity of her salutary, disinterested and amicable intentions towards the republic." We shall have occasion, in the course of these sketches to allude further to the *purity* of her majesty's intentions.

Indignation and remonstrances had no effect on the insolent ambassador, who did not disguise his contempt for the Polish king, and his disregard for the constitution, which he proposed to remodel to correspond with his own ideas. A committee, which had been appointed by the diet to adjust the claims of the dissidents, meekly received the suggestions of Repnin, and reported in favor of admitting them to their former privileges, and of restoring the ancient acts of toleration. This was certainly but an act of justice, and would deserve the highest praise had it been performed freely by the diet, and not dictated by a foreign minister. The constitution also received attention, and by Catherine's direction everything was engrafted upon it that could degrade the nation, and increase her own influence. The *liberum veto* was established with its strictest interpretation; and a few salutary regulations relative to the condition the serfs, could not disguise the iniquity of Catherine's general design. A small diet ratified the new constitution, and the Empress congratulated herself on the success of her machinations.

But order did not yet reign in Poland. There were, among the Catholic clergy and nobility, men of great talents, enthusiasm, and patriotism, who, undismayed amidst the dangers which surrounded them, calmly awaited the opportunity to avenge themselves on the Russian invaders, and the victorious dissidents. Prudential motives long prevented the revelation of their designs, and negociations with the Sultan of Turkey bid fair to obtain his powerful aid. But the impatience of some of the chiefs rendered decisive measures necessary; at the little town of Bar, near the Turkish frontier, the first assembly was held, and a Confederation formed which derived its name from the place of meeting. Eight thousand patriots were soon in arms, and under the gallant Pulaski, prepared to encounter the Russian troops, who advanced to crush them, devastating the country through which they passed. Whilst Pulaski met and repulsed this invading force; the insurrection spread rapidly throughout the kingdom, notwithstanding the capture of Bar by the Russians. Cracow became the headquarters of the confederation; and Count Polocki, with a chosen band, maintained the dignity of Poland by his victories in Gallicia. The intrigues of the Duke de Choiseul, ambassador of France at Warsaw, inclined the Turkish monarch to assist the confederation, assiduously representing the danger of the aggrandizement of the Russian territories, and unmasking Catherine's designs. The accidental and innocent invasion of the Turkish territories by a small body of Russians afforded the pretext for a declaration of war; and both governments made vast preparations for the approaching campaign. Austria and Russia each kept an army of two hundred thousand men under arms, and carefully watched each others' movements. A fearful storm of war was about to break on unhappy Poland, whose desolated fields, and smoking cottages already attested the presence of the great destroyer.

History cannot but commend the action of the Turkish government in espousing the cause of the Confederation; for there is no doubt but that the Sultan was actuated as well by compassion for the Polish nation, as by fear of Russian aggression. Christian England, on the other hand, accepted the Russian commerce as a bribe for her neutrality, and English officers were encouraged to seek distinction in the Russian service, by assisting to subvert the liberties of a sovereign state.

In the spring of 1769 the contest opened; and the lines of the hostile forces extended from the banks of the river Danube to those of the Ruban. Fortune favored the Russians, and the Turkish army on the Dniester sought refuge in the strongly fortified town of Chocim, where they were joined by the Polish general Polocki. The Russians pressed the siege with vigor, but the garrison was relieved, by the arrival of reinforcements, when on the point of surrendering. The victorious Turks pursued the enemy, across the river and engaged his forces, but the Moslem army lacked discipline; a panic took place and thousands were drowned in recrossing the Dniester. In the meantime the Russian government had proclaimed the Confederates to be outlaws, and its cruel ministers performed acts of the greatest barbarity. "Nine Polish gentlemen," says Tooke in his Life of Catherine II., "whose hands had been cut off at the wrists, presented in the capital city of their native country a new and shoking spectacle; a spectacle that would disgrace a nation of savages, and that, even among them, would excite every latent seed of pity, indignation, and horror." Such were the fruits of Catherine's pure policy towards the republic. We would fain turn away from the recital of such atrocities, which would scarcely be credited had not a great nation more recently shown us how it is possible to forget the teachings of Christianity, by indulging in cruel revenge on a degraded people who had been driven by oppression to make an effort to regain possession of their native soil.

The success which everywhere attended the Russian arms dimmed the prospects of the Confederation, and the Polish patriots mourned over the annihilation of their long cherished hopes. Their large armies were dispersed; but a few bands still wandered over the country, and by keeping up a desultory warfare greatly annoyed the Russians, without, however, accomplishing any important undertakings. Prince Repnin had been recalled, and the milder Volkonsky was substituted for him. Poniatowski reposed in almost childish imbecility in the regal palace at Warsaw; and was in fact a prisoner of the Russian ambassador. Europe looked on with indifference; and awaited the result of the campaign of 1770.

Catherine, with great energy, had caused to be built a fleet of war vessels, with which she proposed to force the passage of the Dardanelles, capture Constantinople, liberate Greece, and cripple the Turkish empire. English ship builders labored industriously in her dock-yards, and English officers of experience and reputation instructed the Russian sailors in the tactics of naval warfare. Agents sent to Greece were actively engaged in propagating revolutionary sentiments in that country; and two large armies awaited orders to march into Moldavia and New Servia. At the proper time these forces, under the command of Generals Romantzof, Repnin, and Igelstrohm, advanced into the Turkish territory; and owing principally to the skill of the first named officer, were entirely victorious. The naval operations were not as satisfactory in their result; for notwithstanding the daring of Commodore Elphinston, the fleet accomplished but little. The Confederates viewed the successes of Romantzof with dismay, and their prospects which during the winter had somewhat brightened, were again obscured by disasters. A dreadful pestilence swept over the country, and added to the horrors of the war; thousands falling victims to its ravages. The Turkish Government began to be weary of a war which brought nothing but defeats; and intimations of a cessation of hostilities were given forth. Greece relying on the assistance of the Russians, had made a vigorous but ineffectual attempt at revolution, and several thousands of the insurrectionists fell beneath the swords of the Janizaries. Notwithstanding these discouraging events the Confederates still retained their organization; and Pulaski acknowledged with gratitude the receipt of supplies of money and officers from France. A success on the river Warta revived their hopes; and in the winter of 1770, the resources and discipline were greater than ever before. But the following year witnessed but little active campaigning between the great contending powers; and, whilst Prussia and Austria were settling the conditions of peace, the Russian armies pursued with energy the Confederate forces; and many patriots enriched the soil with their blood. Rendered desperate by their situation some of the most venturesome conspired to seize the King; and their plot would have succeeded had it not been for the weakness or treachery of one of their number. This unfortunate event was used by the Russians to alienate the populace from their attachment to the Confederates; by representing the proposed abduction as an attempt on the life of Stanislas; an assertion which is verified by neither the character of the parties engaged nor the circumstances of the affair. But it was evident that the Confederation was doomed, and after the failure of a last desperate onslaught, the chief reluctantly disbanded their forces, and sought refuge in foreign lands. Pulaski, who had from the first exhibited the most noble qualities, and had been the soul of every enterprise, sought a new field of distinction in America; and after a brilliant career in the service of the Colonies, fell fighting bravely at Savannah, in 1779.

Such was the unfortunate end of the Confederation of Bar. In reviewing its history we find much to admire in the constancy of its members, and their heroic deeds will long live in story; and whilst we cannot approve of the ostensible object of their revolt, if it may be called by that name, we are willing to allow that they were really actuated by a sincere love of their country. The apathy or timidity of the court of Versailles was highly reprehensible; for had it openly exerted its influence in behalf of the Confederation, and added the weight of its arms to those of the Turkish monarch, Catherine would have been compelled to abandon her designs, and Prussia and Austria would probably have united with France in guaranteeing the integrity of the Polish dominions. As it was, the Confederates, destitute of clothing and munitions of war, were incapable of following up their successes, and thus fell an easy prey to the well equipped and supplied armies of Catherine. The conduct of England, Denmark, and Sweden, needs no comment. Poland now deserted and desolated, mourned over the loss of many of the noblest of her sons, and awaited the decision of her conqueror.

The termination of the war left Catherine mistress of Poland; and she now had an opportunity to consummate her "salutary, disinterested and amicable" designs. But, although greatly elated at the success of her plans, she was conscious of the danger of aggrandizing her own territories, without affording to Austria and Prussia an opportunity to acquire an equivalent addition. The latter kingdoms had looked on each other with great jealousy for some time past; but the prudent flattery of Frederick II. was fast winning the friendship of Joseph, the young Austrian monarch, whose vanity was only exceeded by his ambition. Frederick accepted, without hesitation, the proposal to divide the Polish territory; but to obtain the co-operation of Austria was more difficult. Maria Therese, who was now far advanced in age, still cherished hatred against the Russian Empress; and was unwilling to accommodate her in any manner. Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the King, paid a visit to Catherine, and discussed with her the difficulties which attended the proposed partition. But the Empress answered his arguments in the following language: "*I will frighten Turkey; I will flatter England; do you take upon you to bring over Austria that she may amuse France.*" The Prince promised to fulfill the part allotted to him; and the influence of Prussia, combined with the persuasions of Joseph II. and Kaunitz, the Minister of State, at last overcame the scruples of Maria Theresa.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

☞ SIDNEY SMITH.—A thick-headed squire being worsted by Rev. Sidney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him a parson." "Very probable," replied Sidney, "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

☞ "Gail Hamilton," talking of husbands, says, "I want him to *be* submissive, but I don't wan't him to *look* so." Very likely; but isn't it rather too much to ask? To be hen-pecked and yet to carry himself like a cock-of-the-walk, is more than is quite possible to any male biped with or without feathers. That's so, my dear.

☞ The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; that of false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

☞ An old Dutchman who had recently joined the temperance society was taken sick and sent to the doctor to prescribe for him, who ordered him to take an ounce of brandy per day. The old chap overhauled his arithmetic, and found, in the table of apothecaries' weight, "eight drachms make one ounce." "Mine Got!" says the Dutchmon, "dat ish de demperance for me. I didn't get put six drams pefore, and now I gets eight."

☞ WOULD-BE PURCHASER.—Let me look at your stock of cotton socks.

STOREKEEPER (in astonishment).—Cotton socks? The articles are not in our catalogue; but we have some very pretty cast iron ones—monitor pattern, which I think will just suit you.

☞ A novel mode of lighting has been introduced at a Baptist church just built at Philadelphia. There is not a gas burner visible in the audience room. In the panels of the ceiling are circles of ground glass, two feet in diameter. Above each of these, in the loft, is an argand burner, and over the burner a powerful reflector. The effect is just about the same as if there were thirty full moons shining in the ceiling. The light is not sharp and intense, but abundant and mellow, and not painful to the eyes.

☞ One of the California papers, speculating on the fact that Mr. Grau's opera speculation did not pay very well in Brooklyn, mischievously suggests that he had better try it in Jersey City, and that "Il Cabbage Girl di Communipaw" would be a good title for the new opera to create a sensation in the Jarsies.

☞ Far higher is the office of the teacher who makes admirable men, than that of the sculptor or painter, who makes admirable imitations of them.

WHAT'S IN THE PACK?

It was a lonely looking house, a good distance from any other, and standing at the end of a long avenue, and its only occupants on the day in question were two women-servants and a boy. The time, perhaps, hung rather heavily upon the hands of these three, since the appearance of a queer figure toiling up the avenue was hailed with unconcealed satisfaction.

"It's old Burke, the jagger," said one.

"It isn't old Burke; but he's got a pack anyhow. How slow he walks, and its getting dusk; we shan't be able to see the things."

The jagger, or bagman, or peddler, whichever name you like best, came up to the door, wiping his forehead, and groaning under his burden—and well he might. Surely a pack of such size had never before wearied the enduring shoulders of a bagman. He did not attempt to ease himself of it, however, or to display his wares in the customary manner, but he took off his hat to the women politely.

"Would the mistress take pity on him, and let him leave his pack in the hall or the kitchen—anywhere, so that it would be safe? And he would fetch it the next day."

Now, the master and mistress were, as we have seen, from home; so was the man who filled the offices of coachman, groom, and gardener, with the help of the boy above mentioned as a *sub;* and neither master, mistress, nor coachman, would return that night. The three servants therefore looked at each other inquiringly, a little curious, and a great deal disappointed.

"What's in the pack?" asked one.

"Oh, it's not a regular pack, but an order," responded the bagman. "A lot of coarse cloth and some gunpowder; nothing that would do to show the ladies. But I am tired to death, and have got to go farther. If I might leave it where it would be safe for to-night, I've got a few shawls and things I could bring with me to-morrow, when I return for it."

Again the women looked at each other. "Shawls had he got? What else?"

"A few trifles. May be, a gown-piece or two, that would come cheap."

"Well, he might leave the pack if he liked, but he must take it away early the next day."

The peddler entered the hall, and prepared to lay down his burden; then he espied the door of a little room, which would have been a butler's pantry if the house had boasted a butler. Might he put it there, because of the gunpowder? And it was put there accordingly, the bagman closing the door after him carefully, and warning the friendly receivers not to take a light into the room, or meddle with the pack on any account, because of the gunpowder.

The women went back to their kitchen, and the boy lingered in the hall meditatively, having watched the peddler down the avenue. At last he went to the door of the butler's pantry, and took a long look through the keyhole. The last rays of the setting sun streamed in through that little window, and fell upon the pack lying in huge state on the floor. Again the boy walked up and down the hall, and again he looked long and anxiously through the keyhole.

Did the pack move a little as he stared at it? What a fool he was, he thought; it was all fancy, of course. Suddenly his gaze became riveted on one corner of the pack, where there seemed to be a loophole, and he saw, as he believed, in the red light, the gleaming of a human eye.

He drew back his own from the keyhole; he shot a bolt into its socket noiselessly, and then he began walking up and down again. He thought about the loneliness of the place, and the helplessness of its inmates; he thought about those two in the kitchen, and himself, and about the peddler, and what might happen. He walked till it was quite dark, and he could no longer distinguish the outlines of that mysterious pack; then he went into the kitchen, where the two women were still talking of the shawls and probable gown-pieces.

"Where's the old gun?" asked the boy.

"La, Joseph, what should you want with that? It's up there, over the clock."

"Is it loaded? All right," said Joseph, examining. "Now, then, I'll tell you what I want with it; I'm going to shoot the pack."

"To shoot it! Good gracious, what for?"

Joseph looked at the two terrified faces, with his own rather pale, but determined.

"You won't squall or anything, if I tell you what for, will you?"

"No; but, Joseph—the gunpowder!"

"Gunpowder's all my eye. I'm going to shoot it, because there's a mortal man in it; and a man doesn't get himself wrapped in a pack for no good purpose; that's what I say. If you're afraid, give me the light, and stop where you are."

But the women crept behind him tremulously, and kept silence while he tried again if he could see anything through the keyhole. Then he opened the door boldly.

"If the pack's an honest pack," said Joseph, "it won't mind a shot."

Perhaps the pack really moved, or perhaps Joseph was a little nervous, for the last word was not out of his mouth when the report of a gun rang through the room.

A dead silence followed it. Joseph's eyes were fixed in a wide open stare on the pack. Presently, a small, red spot came oozing through the coarse wrappering: it grew larger. A little red stream trickled down on the floor, and crawled towards the boy's feet. Then he retired hastily, and locked the door again.

His face was very pale. He had killed a man, and it was a horrible thing to do and to think of.

"Now you two lock all the doors, and make them as fast as you can," he said; "that peddler chap won't stop till morning for his pack, I'm thinking. What o'clock is it—ten? Let us put lights in all the rooms, and make-believe there's a party—a regular houseful."

Once during the night, Joseph, standing near a window, fancied he heard a low whistle outside; his heart gave a great jump, and he signalled to the two women to move about, and slam the doors, and make as much noise as they could. The whistle was repeated once only, and then all was quiet. But though the morning light broke in upon the servants, they could not go to bed or rest for thinking of that ghastly thing down in the butler's pantry. Noon brought the master of the house, but no peddler came with shawls and gown-pieces.

When they undid the pack, the hand of the dead man was found clutching a small whistle, and he had a belt on, stuck with pistols and a cutlass. It is needless to add that Joseph was rewarded; and some time afterwards, one of a gang of robbers being caught in a burglary, confessed himself to be the identical bagman who left his pack at the lonely house, and never went to claim it.

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. LEE has issued a general order to his army, announcing the death of Lieut. Gen. T. J. Jackson—commonly called "Stonewall" Jackson. The rebels say he was shot by mistake, by his own men, in the heat of battle.

GENERAL HOOKER, in his general order No. 49, congratulates the Army of the Potomac on the manner in which the recent movements have been conducted. He reports the capture of 5,000 prisoners, fifteen colors, and seven cannon, and says that he placed eighteen thousand of Lee's army *hors de combat.*

THE REBELS still occupy the heights of Fredericksburg, and the reported crossing of the river by Hooker is denied on the best authority.

A SENSATION was created recently at Newbern, N. C., by the marriage of Charles C. Lawrence, of Boston, a member of the 44th Massachusetts, to the accomplished daughter of Israel Disoway, a banker in Newbern. After making a transfer of his property to the bridegroom, the father left our lines, with other disloyal citizens.

A FEW days ago a young woman, nineteen years of age, arrived in Cairo with the 14th Iowa regiment, dressed as a soldier. She performed her duties, and answered to the name of "Charlie," while conducting herself, in all respects, the same as though she had been a man. The Colonel, hearing that the soldier was not a man, sent his adjutant to make an investigation, when the poor girl, ashamed of being exposed to the gaze of a thousand eyes, and afraid of punishment, took up a revolver, and placing the muzzle at her heart, fired, and instantly fell dead on the open parade ground. An inquest was held, but no clue could be obtained of her real name, family, or the cause of her singular conduct.

A MARRIED WOMAN in Salisbury, Eng., aged 27, has been held for stealing a child of five weeks. On her examination, she plead guilty, and sued for mercy, saying, among other things: "You don't know how I've had to bear the scoffs and sneers of people"—those who had derided her on account of her childless condition, and who should have been made to bear their part of the year's imprisonment to which she was sentenced.

THE report of the rebel cavalry being near the Chain Bridge is said to be wholly false, as is the rumor of the rebel Moseby having a large force near Leesburg, and threatening to cross the Potomac.

THE Government will soon, it is rumored, send a strong force into East Tennessee to assist the devoted loyalists of that section, which is also important in a military respect. A member of an Alabama regiment writes to a rebel newspaper that the vicinity of Cumberland Gap is full of "bushwackers"—that is, men who are loyal to the Government, and that even boys, many of whom are captured daily, are in arms for the Union.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.—Semi-official information from Vera Cruz, dated May 1, states that the French forces were in a critical condition, which is anything but satisfactory.

Gen. Forey finds his force reduced one-third from that with which he arrived before that city. He has sent to Orizaba for all available forces.

On the 12th the Mexicans assumed the offensive, and Comonfort, with 18,000 men, prepared to attack. It was the opinion of well-informed persons that if the Mexicans can maintain their position thirty days they will be enabled to dictate their own terms of peace.

THE ATTACK ON VICKSBURG.—Up to the 8th inst. the advance of Gen. Grant's forces were within fifteen miles of Edward's station, which is eighteen miles east from Vicksburg on the railroad, the army being eighteen miles from Grand Gulf, encamped near the Big Black river. The report of a fight at Clinton is positively contradicted. General Grant's plan of movement seems to have disconcerted the hopes of the rebels at Vicksburg, and a newspaper complains that his approaches are not properly defended. We have an account of the battle at Port Gibson, in which the rebel loss amounted to one thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

☞ An Irishman, in describing America, said, "I am told that ye might roll England thru it an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might dround ould Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, ye'd never be able to find it out except it might be by the smell of whiskey."

LATEST NEWS.

From New Orleans.

The steamer George Washington has arrived at New York with New Orleans advices to the 10th instant.

Admiral Farragut arrived at New Orleans on the afternoon of the 9th inst. He brings the important intelligence of the capture of Alexandria by Admiral Porter and a portion of Farragut's fleet. Fort de Russy was demolished and a steamer captured in the Red river previous to the capture of Alexandria.

Col. Grierson, with his force, consisting of the 6th and 7th Illinois cavalry and a battery, numbering in all 900 men, arrived at Baton Rouge on the 2nd of May. He left La Grange on the 18th of April, and destroyed railroads, stores, bridges, &c., throughout the whole southern Mississippi. The most important capture made by him was that of an ordnance train, containing 2,000 loaded shells for Vicksburg. Col. Grierson's itinerary was as follows: [illegible] Jackson, in Mississippi; Clinton and Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Miscellaneous.

The Richmond Enquirer of Friday the 15th, says that fighting was then going on in Mississippi. Grant, with 1,500 men, had advanced to Raymond, where Gen. Gregg had a force of 4,000 infantry, and a few cavalry. Skirmishing commenced at 9 o'clock in the morning, and at 1 P. M. the battle opened heavily. Reinforcements were then arriving so rapidly to support the Union troops that the rebels fell back through Raymond, making a stand at Mississippi Spring, where they had reinforcements. The firing in the neighborhood of Jackson was continuous throughout the day.

On Saturday last, a company of Federal cavalry were surprised and captured by the rebels near Charlestown, Va. General Milroy, on hearing of the disaster immediately ordered a party of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry in pursuit, who succeeded in recapturing the prisoners and forty rebels in addition. The pursuing party has not yet returned.

A part of Imboden's cavalry force has been captured near Grafton, in Western Virginia, by a detachment of General Kelley's army.

Washington is to be purged of the rebels and rebel sympathizers. It is said that an order will be issued sending outside of our lines all disloyal persons, male and female.

Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, has been commissioned as a Major-General, with authority to raise a force of 5,000 men.

The writ of habeas corpus in the case of Vallandigham has been refused.

An editorial of the Richmond Enquirer has the following:—"There is evidently to be an active summer campaign. The plan of the enemy seems to be to keep our attention constantly excited at every point at once, so that no part of our whole wide frontier may be freed from the urgent immediate apprehension of an attack." The article further says, "the whole Yankee nation seems to have laid out its accounts for war, as the settled business of life, rather than consent to peace or separation."

The steamship City of New York arrived at New York on the 17th. She brings the important intelligence that Russia has made an offer to the European Powers to settle the Polish question on the basis of the treaties of 1815.

☞ NEW IDEA OF A GOOD POINT OF CHARACTER.—It has been said that every man has at least one good point in his character. A gentleman, travelling on Sunday, was obliged to stop to have one of the shoes of his horse replaced. The farrier was just going to church, but suggested to the traveller that Jem Harrison might be found at home at the next forge. This proved to be true; and the rustic who had led the gentleman's horse to the spot, exclaimed: "Well, I must say that for Jem, for it is the only good point about him—he do never go to church."

☞ In apportioning the draft, under the conscription act, credit will be given to each state for the number of troops already furnished, and the three years men will be taken as the basis. Thus three regiments of two years men will be considered as equivalent to only two regiments, and four regiments of nine months to one regiment of three years men.

☞ GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR'S WIFE, (once the sole proprietress of a taffy shop)—Yes, as yez say, I find that this fashionable life comes purty hard on us foulks as has niver bin used to it, at-all-at-all, and I long for a good howlsome old-fashioned dish of pork and beans, so I does.

☞ During the past week a gentleman called upon the President and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well," said the President, "I would be very happy to oblige you, if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the past two years, given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet." The applicant quietly and respectfully withdrew on tiptoe.

☞ People usually consider two hands enough for all purposes, but we recently saw a man who had *got a little behind hand.*

☞ Out in Illinois they are making paper of sorghum. It must be just the thing on which to write love-letters.

☞ If your friend goes into a speculation, don't, because he happens to break, *break with him.*

☞ It is not known how useful the art of photography has been in the production of cheap and perfectly accurate fac similes of documents, and how easily these are reduced to even microscopic dimensions, so that the giant sheet of the London Times has been photographed upon a piece of paper but one-eighth of an inch square—and even then each letter was perfectly legible under the microscope.

☞ A correspondent asks if it would be pardonable to call a crowd of extensively hooped ladies, a *swell* mob.

BIRDS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh trees of glowing Araby.

"A change we have found, and many a change;
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Naught looks the same, save the nests we made."

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So shall we reach our bright home at last.

THE DAUGHTER OF BENJAMIN DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Did you have a pleasant evening, Florence?" inquired Mrs. Newell, as she entered the room where her niece sat, fluttering her fingers up and down the keys of the piano in that listless sort of fashion which plainly indicated that she had little interest or enjoyment in the matter.

Florence Day turned her face toward her aunt: a young, fair face it was, with eyes and hair of deepest brown, and fine, delicate features: altogether a face pleasant to look upon.

"No, Aunt Ellen; I didn't have an especially pleasant time," answered the girl, removing a sheet of music, and then turning herself around on the piano stool with a little disappointment or dissatisfaction touching her face.

Mrs. Newell settled herself in the arm chair opposite.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Florence," said the lady, in that kindly sympathetic voice of hers, which always made its way straight to the best and tenderest part of her auditor's nature; "I have anticipated a great deal of enjoyment for you at my friends. Did any thing go wrong after all?"

"No, nothing to speak off; and yet somehow, Aunt Ellen, I didn't have the sort of time I expected. Perhaps it was because nobody knew me, and therefore didn't care to show me attention. But, to tell the truth, I was mostly alone, and the whole evening was a kind of disappointment to me."

Mrs. Newell was a woman of remarkably keen intuitions and sound judgment. She saw at once that her niece's words only half disguised the truth, and that the real cause of the young lady's disappointment lay in herself, in some morbid feeling or attitude of her own mind, and one that would be certain to develope itself with her years, and eat with its slow rust into her happiness, her usefulness, and poison more or less the very springs of her life.

Florence Day was motherless, and her father's idol. He was a merchant who had amassed a large fortune in a couple of score of years, and it was his pride and pleasure to surround his only child with all the grace and luxury that his ample means afforded.

There was much that was lovely and of promise in the character of Florence Day. Intelligent, generous, impressible, attractive, she was generally admired and injudiciously flattered.

But she had intense approbativeness, and this was constantly stimulated by the social atmosphere which surrounded her. Incense offered to her vanity was daily becoming more and more a necessity to her. The inevitable result was that she became exacting, self-conscious, and felt neglected and wronged if she was not to a great degree the centre of attention and admiration.

Mrs. Newell, the sister of Florence's mother, detected with extreme pain the development of these tendencies in her niece.

Her faults were of that insidious character which it is so delicate and difficult a matter to disclose to one's own apprehension.

Mrs. Newell's moral influence over her sister's daughter was of the happiest character, but it was an intermittent one, for her home was in a country town, and the aunt and niece did not meet oftener than twice a year.

Mrs. Newell was now making her usual annual visit to the city, and Florence had the previous evening attended a large party at the house of some old friends of her aunt's.

"I see plainly enough where the trouble was," thought Mrs. Newell. "For some reason Florence didn't receive all that attention which she has come to regard as her right. She was too much absorbed in herself to have any thought for the happiness she might impart to others. Poor, foolish girl. Against that house, too, builded on the sand, the winds must blow, and the waves must beat, and it must fall. God help her!"

The time for which Mrs. Newell had waited—the time to speak had come now.

"Florence," said the soft voice, touched with a deep feeling of solicitude and sympathy, "I'm afraid the cause of your disappointment went deeper, and reached farther than you fancied."

"Why, Aunt Ellen, what do you mean?"

She looked up now, her brown eyes wide with amazement, for she had come to the table and was busying herself for a moment with a bird of paradise, whose breast burned and flashed like a live coal among the lichens and mosses which heaped a basket carved of some rare wood.

"I mean, dear, that when the aim and end of all of our visiting centres in ourselves, we shall always sooner or later be disappointed."

She stood arrested with the basket in her hands, her brown eyes still holding their wonder.

"But, Aunt Ellen, you don't mean that I shouldn't desire to enjoy myself when I am at a party?"

"Of course not, my dear. It is perfectly right and legitimate that you do this. What I mean is that you must have in yourself some sweetness of spirit, some peace and contentment that will stand you in the stead of attention and admiration."

Florence came over to her aunt's side. The wonder in her eyes was superseded by a sweet gravity.

"Aunt Ellen, how shall I get this peace and contentment?" asked the girl.

"My child, your question takes you right down into the springs of action, into the very motives which govern your life. This peace and content will not come of any self-seeking, but outside of it. Did you try to make anybody else happy last evening?"

"No—I suppose not," with a little graver smile.

"And thought of yourself all the time, and although you probably received your full share of attention, still you were unhappy because you demanded more. Oh, Florence, do you know where this thing will lead?"

"I never thought of it before, Aunt Ellen," tracing the vine of the carpet with the toe of her slipper.

"It will lead you into that restless craving and thirst for admiration which have ruined so many of your sex, which have made them restless, morbid, selfish, unhappy. It will poison the very fountains of your life, it will make you unjust and exacting, it will lie like a mildew on all that is fair and sweet and of good report in your opening womanhood."

"Oh, aunty, don't," with a little deprecating gesture.

But Mrs. Newell was in earnest now, and she saw her niece was roused and impressed, and she continued,

"You will always be baffled, Florence, always disappointed if you carry into society no higher governing motives than these, if you go there to receive all and to give nothing; if you do not sometimes strive to make others happy, not because you will win admiration in your turn, but because you find it blessed to give; and then you will not be stung and irritated on account of any fancied inattention or neglect on the part of others."

The better, nobler part of Florence Day's nature was touched.

"Aunty, I never saw it in this light before," she said.

"And I put it in this true light, Florence, because I saw where the real fault lay. And —because my heart loved you too well not to deal truly and faithfully by you, dear child of my dead sister; and because I know too the long, hard struggle which it must cost all of us to overcome any fault, especially so insidious a one as vanity, and because, too, I long to see you a good, true, noble, happy woman."

The sweet face of Florence Day leaned over her aunt's lap; then she looked up, with her brown eyes shining through heavy tears.

"Aunt Ellen, I will try!" she said; and Mrs. Newell laid her hands softly on the bright brown hair, and her heart murmured solemnly through her lips, "God hear and help the child!"

"Well, has my little girl had a pleasant evening?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Day, looking up from the crimson-cushioned arm-chair, where he had been dozing away the hours into midnight, and awaiting his daughter's return from a party.

She came into the sitting-room a sight that might have gladdened any fond parent's heart, with the light overrunning her deep-brown eyes, and the roses opened wide in her fair cheeks, and the bright gladness about her lips.

Mr. Benjamin Day was a somewhat plethoric, pompous man, with shrewd gray eyes, and a kindly face. Florence came round to his chair, and dropped off her opera cloak, and bending down, kissed her parent.

"I have had a delightful evening, father."

But her face had answered the question before her lips did.

"I knew you had, daughter. Sit down here, and tell me about it. I can spare you half-an-hour;" and the old gentleman drew down his daughter on his knee.

She wound one fair, white arm about his shoulder.

"It has been the strangest evening, father!"

"Has it—my little girl made some new conquests?"

"Oh, no—nothing of that kind;" with a little deprecating movement of the head, as though the subject was slightly distasteful to her.

"Well, what is it, then? I fancied it must be some nonsense of that sort."

"It isn't nonsense this time, father, and doesn't concern me so much as it does somebody else. I think it could not have been more than half-an-hour after my entree, and there was a little company of us young people assembled in the alcove which opens out of the parlors, and these were quite crowded by this time. We were chatting together, after the fashion of young ladies, which I suppose is neither a very wise or edifying one, when suddenly Augusta Gresham said to me:

"'You can't imagine, Florence, whom I met up stairs in the dressing-room to-night.'

"'I don't think I can, Augusta.'

"'Julia Wise. Really, I think she might have the good sense and good taste to remain away, after her family have so disgraced themselves; and not impose upon those who, of course, can't recognise her now.'

"My blood was up in a moment, papa, but I answered—slowly and steadily—

"'I shall be most happy to see Julia Wise this evening, and I admire and love her just as much now as I ever have done.'

"'But you know, Florence, said Augusta, 'that it is quite impossible for her to occupy the social footing that she has done.'

"'Pardon me, Augusta; I know nothing of the kind.'

"'What, not after her father's failure, and her brother's being proven a forger, and only escaping State's prison by fleeing the country?'

"'But painful as all that is, Julia is in no wise to blame for the misfortunes or crimes of her relatives; and no sensible person would hold her so. For my part, I think we should show her all the delicate sympathy and attention we can.'

"'I can't see it in that light,' answered Augusta Gresham, with a scornful toss of her head. 'Of course she must bear her part of the general family disgrace, and I must decline her acquaintance.'

"There was no time for any more conversation, but I was shocked, indignant beyond measure, and during the evening I kept watch for a sight of the sweet face of Julia Wise. I was determined she should see that I, at least, was loyal to the old school-girl friendship. I didn't come across her, however, until we went out to supper, and then it was some time before I got a chance to address her, but we had a little cordial chat over our creams; and when I looked at her pale young face, with the new sadness in her blue eyes, which showed so plainly that some terrible storm had thundered over her soul, my heart was filled with new pity for her, and new contempt for the pride and meanness that could ignore or neglect her."

"Why, Florence, you are growing a poet," laughed the merchant, patting the cheek in which the rose blossomed wider.

"It is only wrong and injustice which inspire my muse," answered the girl, with a little flutter of a laugh, "but the best is yet to come. Harry Landon—the old Judge's son, you know, waited upon me to supper, and he solicited of me an introduction to Julia. She was his partner in the next set; and that was not all, he presented her to his uncle, Governor Carleton, and the whole family were quite attentive to her during the evening. Mr. Landon said to me afterward—

"'My uncle is quite charmed with your friend, Miss Day. He says she is one of the sweetest, most intelligent young ladies he has met with in a long time, and reminds him singularly of a favorite sister whom he lost long, long ago, in her blossoming womanhood.'

"'I am very glad to hear it, Mr. Landon.' And then fearing some ill-natured or envious person might take occasion to injure Julia, by repeating all that was painful in her family history, I added: 'She has had trials of a most painful character, recently.'

"Mr. Landon interrupted me. There is no need that you should tell me—I know them all.'

"'Oh, I am so glad,' I said, speaking the thought which was in my heart, 'to find that you are not influenced by such matters!'

"'You did not suppose me weak and wicked enough for *that?*' he answered, half reproachful, half indignant, and I had only time to beg his pardon.

"But, papa, I believe I enjoyed this triumph of Julia Wise more than I could any number of my own. I quite forgot myself."

"She is a generous little girl," said her father, and again he patted approvingly the rose in his daughter's cheek.

"But that is not all. I was in a corner of the dressing-room cloaked and hooded to come away, when Julia Wise suddenly approached me and whispered softly,

"'Florence, I heard all that you and Augusta Gresham said of me to-night in the alcove. I was standing in a window close at hand, shielded by a curtain, and was an unintentional listener to your conversation.'

"I drew my breath, and looked up fairly frightened. 'Oh, Julia!'

"There were great tears in her blue eyes. 'Do you think I shall be likely ever to forget what you said this night, Florence?' and the glad, loving, grateful glance, which flashed out of her eyes. Oh, papa, it was wonderful, it was beautiful to see!" And tears choked the bright eyes of Florence Day as she told her story.

"There was no time to say any more. If there had been, it was not a subject which admitted of words. We shall probably never allude to it again; but—and she drew a long breath—"you can see this must have been a very pleasant evening to me, papa."

"I can see, my child."

"And I see too, what Aunt Ellen meant now, in a talk that we had together on her last visit, and how her words have all come true."

She was speaking to herself now, and slipping her bracelet, with its diamonds burning like stars in a dark night, around her arm.

"What sort of a talk?" asked her father.

"About doing good to others, instead of seeking all for ourselves; but it was a long talk. I—I—I don't know as you'd exactly understand it, father."

"There is one thing, however, that I can exactly understand, and that is, it's two o'clock," looking at his watch. "Not another word. Kiss me good night, Florence."

She put her arms about his neck, and her sweet lips lovingly to his cheeks, and then, in her white flowing dress, like a silver trailing cloud, there floated away from him—*the daughter of Benjamin Day.*

MY FIRST DUEL.

Yes, I was going to fight a duel. Not that there was any necessity for me to fight, far from it, for I had quarreled with no one. No, I was going to fight, with a man whom I had only seen once before, for the mere pleasure of fighting.

This will, I have no doubt, sound curious to English ears, but the facts of the case were as follows:—I was at that time (some five or six years ago) studying at a German university; and was, of course, intimate with a considerable number of the students, whose countless duels I was very fond of witnessing. One day, as I was walking home with one of them, Muller by name, from the fighting ground, he suddenly said to me:

"I say, Albion," (Albion was my nickname among the students), "I say, Albion, you ought to fight once, too; you will never get quite behind the scenes of German student life, unless you do so."

"Well," I said, "I think that I should like to fight once, just to see what my sensations would be like. I wonder whether I should feel afraid or not?"

"Then you will fight?" he said.

"Yes, I think I will," I replied; "but I have no quarrel with anybody."

"Never mind about that," said he. "I will arrange everything for you, come to our Kneipe this evening, and afterwards we shall be sure to pick up a man for you in the Market Place."

I accordingly went to Muller's lodgings a little before eight that evening, and he conducted me to the room in which his corps used to hold their "Kneipe;" it was a large, handsome apartment in one of the principal Restaurations, exclusively kept for the use of members of the corps. We there found about a dozen men already assembled, and nearly as many more dropped in by twos and threes shortly afterwards. We all supped together, and as soon as our meal was finished, the serious business of the evening, that is to say, the beer-drinking, commenced. I am afraid to say how much Bavarian beer was disposed of—we all drank like fishes; the more we drank, the thirstier we seemed to get; in fact, no one who has not seen German students drink beer, can form any adequate idea of the quantity they consume. Bavarian beer, is of course, not nearly so strong as the English beer; but is still a very agreeable drink; and tastes much like pale ale. About eleven o'clock, Muller said to me:

"Come, let us go and take a turn in the street, we shall not be many minutes finding you a man."

We went out, and in the Market Place found a number of students belonging to various corps walking about, all of whom, as my companion informed me, were looking for opportunities to challenge some one, or force some one to challenge them.

"We shall very soon be suited," said he.

"We!" I said, "are you going to quarrel, too?"

"Yes," he answered, carelessly. "I may as well do so now I am here. Ah! there is a man to whom I should like to say a few words."

We stopped opposite to the man whom Muller had pointed out, and to whom he said, after politely taking off his cap:

"I beg your pardon; but you look amazingly stupid."

The person thus addressed, bowed in his turn, told Muller that he should hear from him, and was passing on, when Muller said:

"Now do not be in such a hurry, for I should like to introduce my friend here to one of your men."

He stared, for he saw that I was an Englishman; but answered:

"If you will wait here for two minutes, I will bring you several, and then you can take your choice."

He left us, and I said to Muller:

"Show me which man you think will do for me, for I do not know how they can fight, and then I suppose the right thing will be for me to call him a fool at once."

"No, no," he answered; "that is not necessary, the fellow will know perfectly well what you want; a simple introduction is sufficient. Ah! here they are."

He selected one of the new arrivals, to whom he introduced me as Mr. Jones, of London.

We bowed to each other, and the ceremony of quarrelling was complete; so Muller and I returned to the Kneipe. As soon as we entered, we were assailed with a volley of questions as to where we had been, and what we had been doing.

"Oh! nothing particular," answered Muller, "our English friend here wants to fight, and so I have been out with him to help him to select an opponent."

"What! do you intend to fight, Englishman?" said the senior of the corps, as he shook me heartily by the hand; "that is right, old fellow. I am going to fight the day after to-morrow, so are several more of us, and your little affair can come off at the same time. Well done, Albion, I looks towards you." And he poured about a pint and a quarter of beer down his capacious throat.

I likewise bowed, then refilled my pipe, and sat down again with the rest to finish the remainder of the evening, and what beer was left in the cask, for they said it would be a pity to let it stand till morning, as it might get flat. We separated about midnight. I went home feeling like an incipient hero, and very naturally dreampt of nothing but carte and tierce all that night, and if only half the number of duels in which I imagined myself engaged had really come to pass, I might well have called myself the hero of a hundred fights. When I awoke the next morning I must confess that I did not feel quite comfortable; I had, when watching the students' duels, seen cheeks laid open, heads badly cut, and noses slit, and now I was going to expose myself to the very same thing; perhaps I should return to England with a scar right across my face, and then what would the Governor say? I remained in a very uncomfortable state all that day, for although I was by no means a despicable opponent in the fencing-room, where no one can be hurt, yet I could not tell what my sensations might be when I found myself without a helmet, facing an opponent armed with a sword a yard long and as sharp as a razor. However, I was in for it; there was no possible way of escape, so I concealed my fidgety state as well as I could, but still could not keep down unpleasant thoughts of gashed faces, and the consequent sewing up with needles and red silk, which constantly came into my head. At supper, too, that evening, I came in for a good deal of chaff, not exactly calculated to inspire me with additional confidence; one man, while examining the bill of fare before ordering his supper, remarked:

"Hm, bifsteck,—no, not to-day; an Englishman is going to be slaughtered to-morrow, so we shall have real English bifsteck then, shall we not, Albion?"

Another drew my attention to some cutlets on his plate, and asked how many similar ones could be cut out of me, for he said he had just made a bet upon the subject; and on finding me unable to give him the requisite information, remarked, "Well, never mind, we shall see to-morrow." Frequent allusions were also made to mince-meat, sausages, &c., till the senior kindly put an end to the chaff by calling to me from the top of the table—

"Never mind what they say, Albion; if you fight as well in earnest as you do in the fencing-room, none of those fellows who are chaffing you so could touch you; I know the man with whom you are going to fight; you are at least as good a swordsman as he; I will be your second myself, and if you only do as I tell you, all will be right."

After supper he left the room, to see our opponents, and make the final arrangements with them; and during his absence I really could not help casting anxious glances towards the door, which was presently thrown open, and he reappeared.

"All right," he said; "to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, at the usual place; the others will bring the doctor with them."

The doctor! who to-morrow would perhaps have to try to reunite, by means of needles and thread (or rather silk,) the dissevered halves of my countenance. So said my fears and some of my friends; but I determined to banish all disagreeable thoughts, expressed myself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements, and took a long draught of beer to conceal my—delight. I rose the next morning about the usual time, after having passed a rather restless night, dressed myself in the darkest clothes I had, in order that the blood—if any were spilt—might show as little as possible upon them; and after a hurried breakfast, proceeded to the Kneipe, from whence we were to drive to the scene of action. Arrived there, I found almost the whole of the corps assembled, endeavoring to pass away the time with the aid of pipes and beer.

"Hallo," I said, "are you fellows all going to cut lectures to-day."

"Yes, old boy," they said, "to be sure we are; we are all coming out to see you fight."

"But," I replied, "as it is my first appearance in public, I should like as few spectators as possible."

"Nonsense," was the answer; "you know that there are thirty or forty to look on at every fight, and there will be double that number to-day, for every one knows that you are going out, and we never saw an Englishman fight before."

This I did not like at all; but I knew that nothing I could say would make them stay at home, so, as it was now barely ten and we were not to set off till half-past, I lighted a cigar, ordered some beer, and tried to persuade myself that I felt perfectly comfortable. The conversation was of a violent and decidedly sanguinary nature, consisting almost entirely of reminiscences of duels in which one or both of the combatants had been punished with unusual severity, and the Senior related to me, with great glee, how he had on one occasion cut his opponent's nose completely off! The vehicle drove up punctually at half-past ten; as many of us as could find room got in, and in about twenty minutes we arrived at the gound, where we found the other party and the surgeon. The Senior—a splendid swordsman—was the first to engage; and after a very spirited and scientific combat of about ten minutes' duration, put his opponent *hors de combat* by cutting his left cheek quite through. The surgeon immediately sewed up the gash, and the wounded hero was taken home, to amuse himself for the next three or four days with making iced applications to his cheek, and living upon soup, being, of course, most strictly forbidden either to smoke or to touch any beer, which prohibition is about the severest punishment in the world for a German student. As soon as he had left the spot, Muller came towards me, and said, "Now then, old fellow, go and get bandaged, your turn comes next." I therefore followed him to the room where the duellists were bandaged, stripped to the waist, and was immediately dressed in a coarse linen shirt; a glove made of double leather, with a quantity of thin steel chain between the two thicknesses, intended to protect the hand and wrist, was put upon my right hand, and over that a sort of sleeve about an inch in thickness, formed of innumerable layers of silk, was drawn upon my arm, reaching from the wrist quite up to the shoulder. Over this again, a sort of rope, made of old silk stockings twisted, ran all along the outside of my arm, which was thus completely protected. A thick pad was then tied over the axillary artery, a long bandage wound round my throat, and a pair of "Paukhosen," things something like cricket-pads, but reaching nearly up to the heart, strapped on. My toilet was now complete, the head and the upper part of the chest only being exposed. My antagonist was ready about the same time, the usual formalities were gone through, and we faced each other. With a passing thought of what the consternation of the "Governor" would be, could he but see me at this moment, I put myself into position; my adversary did the same; the seconds shouted "Los!" or "Go it!" and at it we went, hammer and tongs, with an energy worthy of a better cause. To my great surprise and gratification, any nervousness which I might have felt before had now entirely vanished; I felt as cool and collected as if I were only practising in the fencing-room, but at the same time there was an excitement which I had never felt when using blunted weapons. When we had been fighting for about five minutes, I suddenly felt a sharp slap on the left cheek, and found that I had not completely parried a vicious horizontal cut in carte, and that the flat of my enemy's blade had struck me in the face, just drawing blood from the cheek. An apppeal was of course made by the opposite second, and his claim of first blood was allowed.

We all paused for a few moments to recover breath and refresh ourselves with a glass of wine; during which pause my second whispered to me, "If he tries that cut again, and I feel sure that he will return high tierce as quickly as possible." (This, by-the-by, is considered quite fair).

I watched for this cut, which he soon did try again; as I had been told, I returned high tierce as quickly as I could; a large lock of my adversary's hair fell to the ground, and in a moment his face was covered with blood. I had given him a smart cut on the top of the head—a cut perhaps four inches in length, which was, however, not severe enough to prevent his continuing the fight, and so we fought on for some time, but without touching each other again, till the referee warned us that the time, which is limited to a quarter of an hour, was expired. We then shook hands, resumed our ordinary habiliments, and, after my opponent's wound had been sewn up by the doctor, left the ground on the best of terms. Thus ended my first duel; but I found the excitement of fighting so very pleasant, that I said to myself, as we left the ground, "I'll fight again as often as I can." And I did. I joined that corps that evening, and in course of time became one of the seniors.

☞ FEMALE DRUNKARDS.—A writer in Fraser's Magazine says:—"We have heard one who had had large experience in the temperance cause declare that he never yet had known a reformed female drunkard, though he could point to multitudes of men who had been rescued."

☞ The soundest argument produces no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

THE REVEILLE.

[In the course of a late patriotic lecture by T. Starr King, he recited the following stanzas, written by T. B. Hart, of San Francisco:—]

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum—
Lo! a nation's hosts have gather'd
'Round the quick alarming drum,
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come,
Ere you heritage be wasted!" said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel—
War is not of Life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest!" said the solemn sounding drum.

"But, when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it!" said the Yankee answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant! Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing—
Some in faith, and doubting some—
Till a trumpet voice, proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAZLEWOOD.

A phæton and pair was in waiting for Mr. Monckton outside the Slough station. The vehicle was very plain, but had a certain quiet elegance of its own, and the horses had been sold at Tattersall's for something over five hundred pounds.

Eleanor Vane's spirits rose in spite of herself as she sat by the lawyer's side, driving at a rapid rate through the pretty pastoral country. They crossed the river almost immediately after leaving Slough, and dashed into Berkshire. They skirted Windsor Park and Forest, leaving the black outline of the castle keep looming in the dim distance behind them; and then turned into a quiet country road, where the green banks were dotted by clumps of early primroses, and the white-thorns were bursting into flower.

Eleanor looked rapturously at all this rural beauty. She was a Cockney, poor child, and her experience of the country was confined to rambles in Greenwich Park, or on Richmond Terrace; happy rambles with her father, prior to expensive dinners at the Crown and Sceptre, or the Star and Garter, as the case might be.

But the country, the genuine country, the long roads and patches of common, the glimpses of wood and water, the great deserts of arable land, the scattered farm-houses, and noisy farm-yards; all these were strange and new to her, and her soul expanded in the unfamiliar atmosphere.

If that drive could have lasted for ever, it would have been very delightful; but she knew that those splendid chestnut horses were carrying her at a terrible rate to her new home. Her new home! What right had she to call Hazlewood by that name? She was not going home. She was going to her first situation.

All the pride of birth, the foolish and mistaken pride in shipwrecked fortune and squandered wealth which this girl's weak-minded father had instilled into her, arose and rebelled against this bitter thought. What humiliation Mrs. Bannister's cruelty had inflicted upon her!

She was thinking this when Mr. Monckton suddenly turned his horses' heads away from the main road, and the phæton entered a lane above which the branches of the still leafless trees made an overarching roof of delicate tracery.

At the end of this lane, in which the primroses seemed to grow thicker than in any other part of the country, there were some low, wooden gates, and an old-fashioned iron lamp-post. On the other side of the gates there was a wide lawn shut in by a shrubbery and a grove of trees, and beyond the lawn glimmered the sunlit windows of a low, white house; a rambling cottage, whose walls were half-hidden by trellis-work and ivy, and not one of whose windows or chimneys owned a fellowship with the others.

Pigeons were cooing, and hens clucking somewhere behind the house, a horse began to neigh as the carriage stopped, and three dogs, one very big, and two very little ones, ran out upon the lawn, and barked furiously at the phæton.

Eleanor Vane could not help thinking the low-roofed, white-walled, ivy-covered irregular cottage very pretty, even though it was Hazlewood.

While the dogs were barking their loudest, a delicate little figure, fluttering in white and blue, came floating out of a window under the shadow of a veranda, and ran towards the gates.

It was the figure of a young lady, very fragile-looking and graceful. A young lady, whose complexion was fairer than a snow-drop, and whose loose floating hair was of the palest shade of flaxen.

"Be quiet, Julius Cæsar; be quiet, Mark Antony," she cried to the dogs, who ran up to her and leaped and whirled about her, jumping almost higher than her head in an excess of canine spirits. "Be quiet, you big, wicked Julius Cæsar, or you shall go back to the stables, sir. Is this the way you behave yourself when I've had ever so much trouble to get you a half-holiday? Please, don't mind them, Miss Vincent," the young lady added, opening the gate, and looking up pleadingly at Eleanor; "they're only noisy. They wouldn't hurt you for the world; and they'll love you very much by-and-by, when they come to know you. I've been watching for you such a time, Mr. Monckton. The train must have been very slow this afternoon!"

"The train travelled at its usual speed, neither slower nor faster," the lawyer said, with a quiet smile, as he handed Eleanor out of the phæton. He left the horses in the care of the groom, and walked on to the lawn with the two girls. The dogs left off barking at a word from him, though they had made very light of Miss Mason's entreaties. They seemed to know him, and to be accustomed to obey him.

"I know the afternoon *seemed* dreadfully long," the young lady said. "I thought the train *must* be behind its time."

"And, of course, you never thought of looking at your watch, Miss Mason," the lawyer said, pointing to a quantity of jeweled toys which hung at the young lady's blue sash.

"What's the good of looking at one's watch, if one's watch won't go?" said Miss Mason; "the sun has been going down ever so long, but the sun's so changeable, there's no relying on it. Mrs. Darrel has gone out in the pony-carriage to call upon some people near Woodlands."

Eleanor Vane started at the sudden mention of a name which had been so familiar to her from her dead father's lips.

"So I am all alone," continued Miss Mason, "and I'm very glad of that, because we shall get to know each other so much better by ourselves; shan't we, Miss Vincent?"

George Monckton had been walking between the two girls, but Laura Mason came round to Eleanor, and put her hand in that of Miss Vane. It was a fat little childish hand, but there were rings glittering upon it, small as it was.

"I think I shall like you very much," Laura Mason whispered. "Do you think you shall like me?"

She looked up into Eleanor's face, with an entreating expression in her blue eyes; they were really blue eyes, a bright forget-me-not, or turquoise blue, as different as possible to the clear gray of Eleanor's eyes, which was for ever changing, sometimes purple, sometimes brown, sometimes black.

How could Miss Vane reply to this childish question, except in the affirmative? She had every inclination to love the babyish young lady, who was so ready to cling to her and confide in her. She had expected to find a haughty young heiress who would have flaunted her wealth before her penniless companion. But she had another reason for inclining tenderly towards this girl. She remembered what Mr. Monckton had said to her in the railway carriage.

"However friendless or desolate you may be, you can never be so friendless and desolate as she is."

She pressed the hand that clung to hers, and said, gravely:

"I'm sure I shall love you, Miss Mason, if you'll let me."

"And you'll not be dreadful about triplets, and arpeggios, and cinquepaced passages," the young lady said, piteously. "I don't mind music a bit, in a general way, you know; but I never could play triplets in time."

She led the way into a sitting-room under the veranda, as she talked. Eleanor went with her, hand-in-hand, and Mr. Monckton followed, keeping an attentive watch upon the two girls.

The sitting-room was, like the exterior of the cottage, very irregular and very pretty. It stood at one end of the house, and there were windows upon three sides of the room—an oriel at the end opposite the door, a bay opening on to the veranda, and three latticed windows with deep oaken seats upon the other side.

The furniture was pretty, but very simple and inexpensive. The chintz curtains and chair-covers were sprinkled with rose-buds and butterflies; the chairs and tables were of shining maple-wood, and there was a good supply of old china arranged here and there upon brackets and cabinets of obsolete form. The pale cream-colored walls were hung with a few prints and water-colored sketches; but beyond this the chamber had no adornments.

Laura Mason led Eleanor to one of the window-seats, where a litter of fancy-work, and two or three open books tumbled carelessly here and there among floss-silks and Berlin wools and scraps of embroidery, gave token of the young lady's habits.

"Will you take off your things here," she said, "or shall I show you your own room at once? It's the blue room, next to mine. There's a door between the two rooms, so we shall be able to talk to each other whenever we like. How dreadfully you must want something to eat after your journey! Shall I ring for cake and wine, or shall we wait for tea? We always drink tea at seven, and we dine very early; not like Mr. Monckton, who has a grand late dinner every evening."

The lawyer sighed.

"Rather a desolate dinner, sometimes, Miss Mason," he said, gravely; "but you remind me that I shall be hardly in time for it, and my poor housekeeper makes herself wretched when the fish is spoiled."

He looked at his watch.

"Six o'clock, I declare; good-bye, Laura; good-bye, Miss Vincent. I hope you will be happy at Hazlewood."

"I am *sure* I shall be happy with Miss Mason," Eleanor answered.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Monckton, elevating his straight, black eyebrows, "is she so very fascinating, then? I'm sorry for it," he muttered under his breath as he walked away after shaking hands with the two girls.

They heard the phæton driving away three minutes afterwards.

Laura Mason shrugged her shoulders with an air of relief.

"I'm glad he's gone," she said.

"But you like him very much. He's very good, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, very, very good, and I do like him. But I'm afraid of him, I think, because he's so good. He always seems to be watching one and finding out one's faults. And he seems so sorry because I'm frivolous, and I can't help being frivolous when I'm happy."

"And are you always happy?" Eleanor asked. She thought it very possible that this young heiress, who had never known any of those bitter troubles which Miss Vane had found associated with "money matters," might indeed be *always* happy. But Laura Mason shook her head.

"Always, except when I think," she said; "but when I think about papa and mamma, and wonder who they were, and why I never knew them, I can't help feeling very unhappy."

"They died when you were very young, then?" Eleanor said.

Laura Mason shook her head with a sorrowful gesture.

"I scarcely know when they died," she answered; "I know that I can remember nothing about them; the first thing I recollect is being with a lady, far down in Devonshire—a lady who took the charge of several little girls. I stayed with her till I was ten years old, and then I was sent to a fashionable school at Bayswater, and I stayed there till I was fifteen, and then I came here, and I've been here two years and a-half. Mr. Monckton is my guardian, you know, and he says I am a very lucky girl, and will have plenty of money by-and-by; but what's the use of money if one has no relations in all the wide world? and he tells me to attend to my education, and not to be frivolous, or care for dress and jewelry, but to try and become a good woman. He talks to me very seriously, and almost frightens me sometimes with his grave manner; but, for all that, he's very kind, and lets me have almost everything I ask him for. He's tremendously rich himself, you know, though he is only a professional man, and he lives at a beautiful place four miles from here, called Tolldale Priory. I used to ask him questions about papa and mamma, but he would never tell me anything. So now I never speak to him about them."

She sighed as she finished speaking, and was silent for some few minutes; but she very quickly recovered her spirits and conducted Eleanor to a pretty, rustic chamber with a lattice window looking on to the lawn.

"Mrs. Darrell's man is gone to fetch your luggage," Miss Mason said, "so you must have my brushes and combs, please, for your hair, and then we'll go down to tea."

She led Eleanor into the adjoining apartment, where the dressing table was littered with all manner of womanly frivolities, and here Miss Vane re-arranged her luxuriant golden brown hair, which no longer was allowed to fall about her shoulders in rippling curls, but was drawn simply away from her forehead, and rolled in a knot at the back of her head. She was a woman now, and had begun the battle of life.

A pony-carriage drove up to the gate while Eleanor was standing at the glass by the open window, and Mrs. Darrell got out and walked across the lawn towards the house.

She was a tall woman, unusually tall for a woman, and she was dressed in black silk, which hung about her angular limbs in heavy, lustreless folds. Eleanor cold see that her face was pale, and her eyes black and flashing.

The two girls went down stairs hand-in-hand. Tea was prepared in the dining-room. A long, wainscoted apartment, older than the rest of the house, and rather gloomy-looking. Three narrow windows upon one side of this room looked towards the shrubbery and grove at the back of the house, and the trunks of the trees looked gaunt and black in the spring twilight. A fire was burning upon the low hearth, and a maid-servant was lighting a lamp in the centre of the table as the two girls went in.

Mrs. Darrell welcomed her dependant very politely; but there was a harshness and a stiffness in her politeness which reminded Eleanor of her half-sister, Mrs. Bannister.—The two women seemed to belong to the same school, Miss Vane thought.

The lamplight shone full upon Mrs. Darrell's face, and Eleanor could see now that the face was a handsome one, though faded and careworn. The widow's hair was gray, but her eyes retained the flashing brightness of youth. They were very dark and lustrous, but their expression was scarcely pleasant. There was too much of the hawk or eagle in their penetrating glance.

But Laura Mason did not seem at all afraid of her protectress.

"Miss Vincent and I are good friends already, Mrs. Darrell," she said, gayly, "and we shall be as happy together as the day is long, I hope."

"And I hope Miss Vincent will teach you industrious habits, Laura," Mrs. Darrell answered, gravely.

Miss Mason made a grimace with her pretty red under lip.

Eleanor took the seat indicated to her, a seat at the end of the dining-table, and exactly opposite to Mrs. Darrell, who sat with her back to the fire-place.

Sitting here, Eleanor could scarcely fail to observe an oil painting—the only picture in the room—which hung over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of a young man, with dark hair clustering about a handsome forehead, regular features, a pale complexion, and black eyes. The face was very handsome, very aristocratic, but there was a want of youthfulness, of the fresh, eager spirit of boyhood, in its expression. A look of listlessness and hauteur hung like a cloud over the almost faultless features.

Mrs. Darrell watched Eleanor's eyes as the girl looked at this picture.

"You are looking at my son, Miss Vincent," she said; "but perhaps it is scarcely necessary to tell you so. People say there is a strong likeness between us."

There was indeed a very striking resemblance between the faded face below and the pictured face above. But it seemed to Eleanor Vane as if the mother's face, faded and careworn though it was, was almost the younger of the two. The listless indifference, the utter lack of energy in the lad's countenance, was so much the more striking when contrasted with the youthfulness of the features.

"Yes," exclaimed Laura Mason, "that is Mrs. Darrell's only son, Launcelot Darrell. Isn't that a romantic name, Miss Vincent?"

Eleanor started. This Launcelot Darrell was the heir presumptive to the De Crespigny estate. How often she had heard the young man's name! It was he, then, who would have stood between her father and fortune, had that dear father lived, or whose claim of kindred would, perhaps, have had to make way for the more sacred right of friendship.

And this young man's portrait was hanging in the room where she sat. He lived in the house, perhaps. Where should he live except in his mother's house?

But Eleanor's mind was soon relieved upon this point, for Laura Mason, in the pauses of the business of the tea-table, talked a good deal about the original of the portrait.

"Don't you think him handsome, Miss Vincent?" she asked, without waiting for an answer. "But of course you do; everybody thinks him handsome; and then Mrs. Darrell says he's so elegant, so tall, so aristocratic. He is to have Woodlands by-and-by, and all Mr. de Crespigny's money. But of course you don't know Woodlands or Mr. de Crespigny. How should you, when you've never been in Berkshire before? And he—not Mr. Crespigny, he's a nasty, fidgety, hypochon—what's it's name—old man?—but Launcelot Darrell is so accomplished. He's an artist, you know and all the water-colored sketches in the drawing-room and the breakfast-parlor are his; and he plays and sings, and he dances exquisitely, and he rides and plays cricket, and he's a—what you may call it—a crack shot; and, in short, he's an Admirable Crichton. You mustn't fancy I'm in love with him, you know, Miss Vincent," the young lady added, blushing and laughing, "because I never saw him in my life, and I only know all this by hearsay."

"You never saw him!" repeated Eleanor.

Launcelot Darrell did not live at Hazlewood, then.

"No," the widow interposed; "my son has enemies, I am sorry to say, among his own kindred. Instead of occupying the position his talents, to say nothing of his birth, entitle him to, he has been compelled to go out to India in a mercantile capacity. I do not wonder that his spirit rebels against such an injustice. I do not wonder that he cannot forgive."

Mrs. Darrell's face darkened as she spoke, and she sighed heavily. By-and-by, when the two girls were alone together in the breakfast-room, Laura Mason alluded to the conversation at the tea-table.

"I don't think I ought to have talked about Launcelot Darrell," she said; "I know his mother is unhappy about him, though I don't exactly know why. You see his two aunts who live at Woodlands are nasty, scheming old maids, and they contrived to keep him away from his great uncle, Mr. de Crespigny, who is expected to leave him all his money. Indeed, I don't see who else he can leave it to now. There was an old man—a college friend of Mr. de Crespigny's—who expected to get the Woodlands estate; but of course that was an absurd idea; and the old man—the father of that very Mrs. Bannister who recommended you to Mrs. Darrell, by-the-by—is dead. So all chance of that sort of thing is over."

"And Mr. Launcelot Darrell is sure to have the fortune?" Eleanor said, interrogatively, after a very long pause.

"Yes, if Mr. de Crespigny dies without a will. But those two cantankerous old-maids, Mrs. Darrell's sisters, are at him night and day, and they may persuade him at last, or they may have succeeded in persuading him, perhaps, ever so long ago, to make a will in their favor. Of course all this makes Mrs. Darrell very unhappy. She idolises her son, who is an only child, and was terribly spoiled when he was a boy, they say; and she does not know whether he will be a rich man or a pauper."

"And, in the meantime, Mr. Darrell is in India?"

"Yes. He went to India three years ago. He's overseer to an indigo-planter up the country, at some place with an unpronounceable name, hundreds and hundreds of miles from Calcutta. He's not at all happy, I believe, and he very seldom writes—not above once in a twelvemonth."

"He is not a good son, then," Eleanor said.

"Oh, I don't know about that! Mrs. Darrell never complains, and she's very proud of him. She always speaks of him as 'my son.' But, of course, what with one thing and another, she is often very unhappy. So, if she is a little severe, now and then, we'll try and bear with her, won't we, Eleanor? I may call you Eleanor, mayn't I?"

The pretty flaxen head dropped upon Miss Vane's shoulder, as the heiress asked this question, and the blue eyes were lifted pleadingly.

"Yes, yes; I would much rather be called Eleanor than Miss Vincent."

"And you'll call me Laura. Nobody ever calls me Miss Mason, except Mr. Monckton, when he lectures me. We shall be very, very happy together, I hope, Eleanor."

"I hope so, dear."

There was a sudden pang of mingled fear and remorse at Eleanor Vane's heart as she said this. Was she to be happy, and to forget the purpose of her life? Was she to be happy, and false to the memory of her murdered father? In this quiet country life; in this pleasant, girlish companionship which was so new to her, was she to abandon that one dark dream, that one deeply-rooted desire which had been in her mind ever since her father's untimely death?

She recoiled with a shudder of dread from the simple happiness which threatened to lull her to a Sybarite rest, in which that deadly design might lose its force and, little by little, fade out of her mind.

She disengaged herself from the slight arms which had encircled her in a half-childish caress, and rose suddenly to her feet.

"Laura," she cried, "Laura, you mustn't talk to me like this. My life is not like yours. I have something to do,—I have a purpose to achieve; a purpose before which every thought of my mind, every impulse of my heart, must give way."

"What purpose, Eleanor?" asked Laura Mason, almost alarmed by the energy of her companion's manner.

"I cannot tell you. It is a secret," Miss Vane replied.

Then sitting down once more in the deep window-seat by Laura's side, Eleanor Vane drew her arm tenderly round the frightened girl's waist.

"I'll try and do my duty to you, Laura, dear," she said, "and I know I shall be happy with you. But if ever you see me dull and silent, you'll understand, dear, that there is a secret in my life, and that there is a hidden purpose in my mind that sooner or later must be achieved. Sooner or later," she repeated, with a sigh, "but Heaven only knows when."

She was silent and absent-minded during the rest of the evening, though she played one of her most elaborate fantasias at Mrs. Darrell's request, and perfectly satisfied that lady's expectations by the brilliancy of her touch. She was very glad when, at ten o'clock, the two women servants of the simple household and a hobadahoyish young man, who looked after the pony and pigs and poultry-yard, and smelt very strongly of the stable, came in to hear prayers read by Mrs. Darrell.

"I know you're tired, dear," Laura Mason said, as she bade Eleanor good-night at the door of her bed-room, "so I won't ask you to talk to me to-night. Get to bed, and go to sleep at once, dear."

But Eleanor did not go to bed immediately; nor did she fall asleep until very late that night.

She unfastened one of her trunks, and took from it a little locked morocco casket, which held a few valueless and old-fashioned trinkets that had been her mother's, and the crumbled fragment of her father's last letter.

She sat at the little dressing table, reading the disjointed sentences in that melancholy letter before she undressed, and then replaced the scrap of paper in the casket.

She looked at the lawn and shrubbery. The shining leaves of the evergreens trembled in the soft April breeze, and glimmered in the moonlight. All was silent in that simple rustic retreat. The bare branches of the tall trees near the low white gates were sharply defined against the purple sky. High up in the tranquil heavens the full moon shone out from a pale back-ground of fleecy cloud.

The beauty of the scene made a very powerful impression upon Eleanor Vane. The window from which she had been accustomed to look in Bloomsbury abutted on a yard, a narrow gorge of dirt and disorder, between the dismal back walls of high London houses.

"I ought never to have come here," Eleanor thought bitterly, as she let fall her dimity window curtain and shut out the splendor of the night. "I ought to have stayed in London; there was some hope of my meeting that man in London, where strange things are always happening. But here—"

She fell into a gloomy reverie. Secluded in that quiet rustic retreat, what hope could she have of advancing, by so much as one footstep, upon the dark road she had appointed for herself to tread?

It was very long before she fell asleep. She lay for hours, tumbling and tossing feverishly upon her comfortable bed.

The memories of her old life mingled themselves with thoughts of her new existence. She was haunted now by the recollection of her father, and her father's death; now by her fresh experiences of Hazlewood, by the widow's gray hair and penetrating gaze, and by the pictured face of Launcelot Darrell.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

The course of Eleanor's life at Hazlewood was peaceful and monotonous. She had been engaged simply as a "companion" for Laura Mason. That common epithet which is so often twisted into the signification of a household drudge—an upper-servant, who works harder than any of her fellows—in this case meant purely and simply what it was originally intended to mean. Eleanor's only duties were to teach Laura Mason music, and to be the companion and associate of all her girlish pleasures and industries.

Not that Miss Mason was very industrious. She had a habit of beginning great undertakings in the way of fancy work, and the more gigantic the design the more ardent was her desire to attempt it—but she rarely got beyond the initiative part of her labor. There was always some "Dweller on the Threshold" in the shape of a stitch that couldn't be learnt, or a skein of silk that couldn't be matched, or a pattern that *wouldn't* come right; and one after another of the gigantic undertakings was flung aside to decay in dusty oblivion, or to be finished by Eleanor or Mrs. Darrell.

Laura Mason was not made for the active service of life. She was one of the holiday soldiers in the great army, fit for nothing but to wear gilded epaulettes and gorgeous uniforms, and to turn out upon gala days to the sound of trumpet and drum.

She was a loving, generous-hearted, confiding creature; but, like some rudderless boat drifting hither and thither before a stormy ocean, this frivolous, purposeless girl flung herself, helpless and dependent, upon the mercy of other people.

The rich city solicitor, Mr. Monckton, the head of a celebrated legal firm familiar in the Bankruptcy Court, took the trouble to say very little about his pretty, flaxen-haired, and blue-eyed ward.

He spoke of her, indeed, with an almost pointed indifference. She was the daughter of some people he had known in his early youth, he said, and her fortune had been entrusted to his care. She would be rich, but he was none the less anxious about her future. A woman was not generally any the safer in this world for being an heiress.

This was all Gilbert Monckton had ever said to Mrs. Darrell upon the subject of his ward's past history. Laura herself had talked freely enough of her two first homes. There was little to tell, but, on the other hand, there seemed nothing to conceal.

Upon one subject Mr. Monckton was very strict, and that was the seclusion of the home he had chosen for his ward.

"When Miss Mason is of age she will of course choose for herself," he said; "but until that time comes I must beg, Mrs. Darrel, that you will keep her out of all society."

Under these circumstances it was especially necessary that Laura Mason should have a companion of her own age. Hazlewood was a hermitage, never approached by any visitors except some half-dozen elderly ladies, who were intimate with Mrs. Darrell, and Mr. Monckton, who came about once a fortnight to dine and spend the evening.

He used to devote himself very much to Laura and her companion during these visits. Eleanor could see how earnestly he watched the flaxen haired girl, whose childish simplicity no doubt made her very bewishing to the grave man of business. He watched her and listened to her; sometimes with a pleased smile, sometimes with an earnest and anxious face; but his attention very rarely wandered from her.

"He must love her very dearly," Eleanor thought, remembering how earnestly he had spoken in the railway carriage.

She wondered what was the nature of the affection which the solicitor felt for his ward. He was old enough to be her father, it was true, but he was still in the prime of life; he had not that beauty of feature and complexion which a school-girl calls handsome, but he had a face which leaves its impress upon the minds of those who look at it.

He was very clever, or at least he seemed so to Eleanor; for there was no subject ever mentioned, no topic ever discussed, with which he did not appear thoroughly familiar, and upon which his opinions were not original and forcible. Eleanor's intellect expanded under the influence of this superior masculine intelligence. Her plastic mind, so ready to take any impression, was newly moulded by its contact with this stronger brain. Her education, very imperfect before, seemed to complete itself now by the force of association with a clever man.

Of course all this came about by slow degrees. She did not very rapidly become familiar with Gilbert Monckton, for his grave manner was rather calculated to inspire diffidence in a very young woman; but little by little, as she grew accustomed to his society, accustomed to sit quietly in the shade, only speaking now and then, while Laura Mason talked familiarly to her guardian, she began to discover how much she had gained from her association with the lawyer. It was not without some bitterness of spirit that Eleanor Vane thought of this. She felt as if she had been an interloper in that quiet Hazlewood household. What right had she to come between Laura and her guardian, and steal the advantages Mr. Monckton intended for his ward? It was for Laura's sake he had been earnest or eloquent; it was for Laura's benefit he had described this, or explained that. What right, then, had she, Eleanor, to remember what Laura had forgotten, or to avail herself of the advantages Laura was too frivolous to value?

There was a gulf between the two girls that could not be passed, even by affection. Eleanor Vane's mental superiority placed her so high above Laura Mason that perfect confidence could not exist between them. Eleanor's love for the light-hearted, heedless girl had something almost motherly in its nature.

"I know well we shall never quite understand each other, Laura," she said; "but I think I could give up my life for your sake, my dear."

"Or I for you, Nelly."

"No, no, Laura. I know you are unselfish as an angel, and you'd wish to do so; but yours is not the giving-up nature, my darling. You'd die under a great sorrow."

"I think I should, Nelly," the girl answered, drawing closer to her friend, and trembling at the very thought of calamity; "but how you speak, dear. Had you ever a great sorrow?"

"Yes, a very great one."

"And yet you are happy with us, and can sing and play, and ramble about in the woods with me, Nell, as if you had nothing on your mind."

"Yes, Laura, but I can remember my sorrow all the time. It's hidden so deep in my heart that the sunshine never reaches it, however happy I may seem."

Laura Mason sighed. The spoiled child of fortune could not help wondering how she would act under the influence of a great misery. She would sit down upon the ground in some darkened room, she thought, and cry until her heart broke and she died.

The summer faded into autumn, and autumn into winter, and the early spring flowers bloomed again in the shrubberies and on the lawn at Hazlewood. The primroses were pale upon the tender grass of the sloping banks in the wooded lane near the gates, and still no event had happened to break the tranquil monotony of that secluded household. Eleanor had grown familiar with every nook in the rambling old cottage; even with Launcelot Darrell's apartments, a suite of rooms on the bedroom floor, looking out into the grove at the back of the house. These rooms had been shut up for years, ever since Launcelot had sailed for India, and they had a gloomy, desolate look, though fires were lighted in them periodically, and every scrap of furniture was kept carefully dusted.

"The rooms must always be ready," Mrs. Darrell said. "Mr. de Crespigny may die without having made a will, and my son may be called home suddenly."

So the three rooms, a bed room, dressing-room, and sitting-room, were kept in perfect order, and Laura and Eleanor wandered into them sometimes, in the idleness of a wet afternoon, and looked at the pictures upon the walls, the unfinished sketches piled one upon the top of another on the easel, or tried the little cottage piano, upon which Mr. Darrell had been wont to accompany himself when he sang. His mother always insisted upon this piano being tuned when the tuner came from Windsor to attend to Laura Mason's modern grand. The two girls used to talk a good deal of the widow's handsome son. They had heard him spoken of by his mother, by the servants, and by the few humble neighbors in scattered cottages near Hazlewood. They talked of his uncertain fortunes, his accomplishments, his handsome, haughty face, which Laura declared was faultless. Miss Vane had been a twelvemonth at Hazlewood. Her eighteenth birthday was past, and the girlishness of her appearance had matured into the serene beauty of early womanhood. The golden tints of her hair had deepened into rich auburn, her gray eyes looked darker under the shadow of her dark brows. The Signora and Richard Thornton declared that she had altered very much since she had left them, and were surprised at her matured beauty when she went to spend a brief Christmas holiday with her old friends. She bought the silk gown for Eliza Picirillo, and the meerschaum pipe for poor Dick, who needed no memorial of his adopted sister, for her image haunted him only too perpetually, to the destruction of all other images which might else have found a place in the scene-painter's heart.

Eleanor Vane felt a pang of remorse as she remembered how very easily she had borne her separation from these faithful friends. It was not that she loved them less, or forgot their goodness to her. She had no such ingratitude as that wherewith to reproach herself; but she felt as if she had committed a sin against them in being happy in the calm serenity of Hazlewood.

She said this to Richard Thornton during the brief Christmas visit. They had walked out once more in the quiet streets and squares in the early winter twilight.

"I feel as if I had grown selfish and indifferent," she said. "The months pass one after another. It is two years and a half since my father died, and I am not one step nearer to the discovery of the man who caused his death. Not one step. I am buried alive at Hazlewood. I am bound hand and foot. What can I do, Richard; what can I do? I could go mad almost when I remember that I am a poor helpless girl, and that I may never be able to keep the oath I swore when I first read my dead father's letter. And you, Richard, in all this time you have done nothing to help me."

The scene-painter shook his head sadly enough.

"What can I do, my dear Eleanor? What I told you nearly a year ago, I tell you again now. This man will never be found. What hope have we? what chance of finding him? We might hear his name to-morrow, and we should not know it. If either of us met him in the street, we should pass him by. We might live in the same house with him, and be ignorant of his presence."

"No, Richard," cried Eleanor Vane. "I think if I met that man some instinct of hate and horror would reveal his identity to me."

"My poor romantic Nelly, you talk as if life was a melodrama. No, my dear, I say again, this man will never be found; the story of your father's death is unhappily a common one. Let that sad story rest, Nell, with all the other mournful records of the past. Believe me that you cannot do better than be happy at Hazlewood; happy in your innocent life, and utterly forgetful of the foolish vow you made when you were little better than a child. If all the improbabilities that you have ever dreamt of were to come to pass, and vengeance were in your grasp, I hope and believe, Nell, that a better spirit would arise within you, and prompt you to let it go."

Richard Thornton spoke very seriously. He had never been able to speak of Eleanor's scheme of retribution without grief and regret. He recognized the taint of her father's influence in this vision of vengeance and destruction. All George Vane's notions of justice and honor had been rather the meretricious and flimsy ideas of a stage play, than the common-sense views of real life. He had talked incessantly to his daughter about days of retribution; gigantic vengeances which were looming somewhere in the far-away distance, for the ultimate annihilation of the old man's enemies. This foolish, ruined spendthrift, who cried out against the world because his money was spent, and his place in that world usurped by wiser men, had been Eleanor's teacher during her most impressionable years. It was scarcely to be wondered at, then, that there were some flaws in the character of this motherless girl, and that she was ready to mistake a pagan scheme of retribution for the Christian duty of filial love.

Midsummer had come and gone, when an event occurred to break the tranquillity of that simple household.

The two girls had lingered late in the garden one evening early in July. Mrs. Darrell sat writing in the breakfast-parlor. The lamplight glimmered under the shadow of the veranda, and the widow's tall figure seated at her desk was visible through the open bay-window.

Laura and her companion had been talking for a long time, but Eleanor had lapsed into silence at last, and stood against the low white gate with her elbow resting upon the upper bar, looking thoughtfully out into the lane. Miss Mason was never the first to be tired of talking. A silvery torrent of innocent babble was for ever gushing from her red, babyish lips; so, when at last Eleanor grew silent and absent-minded, the heiress was fain to talk to her dogs, her darling silky Skye, whose great brown eyes looked out from a ball of floss silk that represented the animal's head; and her Italian greyhound, a slim shivering brute, who wore a colored flannel paletot, and exhibited a fretful and whimpering disposition, far from agreeable to any one but his mistress.

There was no moon upon this balmy July night, and the hulking hobadehoy of all work came out to light the lamp while the two girls were standing at the gate. This lamp gave a pleasant aspect to the cottage upon dark nights, and threw a bright line of light into the darkness of the lane.

The boy had scarcely retired with his short ladder and flaming lantern, when the two pet dogs began to bark violently, and a man came out of the darkness into the line of lamplight.

Laura Mason gave a startled scream, but Eleanor caught her by the arm, to check her foolish outcry.

There was nothing very alarming in the aspect of the man. He was only a tramp: not a common beggar, but a shabby-genteel-looking tramp, whose threadbare coat was of a fashionable make, and who, in spite of his ragged slovenliness, had something the look of a gentleman.

"Mrs. Darrell still lives here, does she not?" he asked rather eagerly.

"Yes."

It was Eleanor who answered. The dogs were still barking, and Laura was still looking very suspiciously at the stranger.

"Will you tell her, please, that she is wanted out here by some one who has something important to communicate to her," the man said.

Eleanor was going towards the house to deliver this message, when she saw Mrs. Darrell coming across the lawn. She had been disturbed at her writing by the barking of the dogs.

"What is the matter, Miss Vincent?" she asked, sharply. "Who are you and Laura talking to, out here?"

She walked from the two girls to the man, who stood back a little way outside the gate, with the lamplight shining full upon his face.

The widow looked sternly at this man who had dared to come to the gate at nightfall and to address the two girls under her charge.

But her face changed as she looked at him, and a wild cry broke from her lips.

"Launcelot, Launcelot, my son!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There is no paper money in California. The Constitution of the state prohibits "banking," and the creation of paper to circulate as money. No bank notes have ever been current in California, or on that coast; nor are bank notes used on any part of the coast between Acapulco and Sitka.

THAT high suffering which we dread,
A higher joy discloses;
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.

☞ It often happens in a family as if all the qualities of the progenitors were potted in several jars—some ruling quality in each son or daughter of the house—and sometimes the unmixed temperament, the rank, unmitigated elixir, the family vice, is drawn off in a separate individual, and the others are proportionately relieved.

☞ After the work of paying off the army of the Potomac commenced, the money forwarded to their friends by soldiers averaged *seventy-five thousand dollars per day!*

☞ A woman up in Vermont has been bound over for trial on a charge of spreading the small pox. She sent her children to school while afflicted with the disease.

☞ A WIDOW'S USE OF THUNDER!—Every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower,) and clasp her little hands and fly around till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was that she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunderstorms rattled over her head.

☞ An Irish girl, an operative in Smith's paper mill, Lee, recently found five genuine $1,000 Treasury Notes in the paper rags, and another girl, in another mill, in another lot of rags, found a gold chain valued at $60.

☞ A squad of Dutch girls went into one of our largest mercantile houses to buy goods. One of them purchased a hoop-skirt, and the clerk was about papering it up, when she stopped him and said she wanted to use it now. Stepping a little one side, she proceeded to put it on, while the merchant blushed, stammered, and at last told her he preferred her to go in the back room. The obedient girl started, but kept putting her hoops on, and by the time she reached the door of the room, was hooking the band around her waist.—*Country Paper.*

☞ Miss Lovely says that males are of no account from the time ladies stop kissing them as infants, till they kiss them again as lovers.

☞ The salt works destroyed by Gen. Banks's advance in Louisiana, were the largest of the kind in America, and supplied nearly the whole Confederacy with salt. Blocks of salt were quarried there as clear as glass, and of wonderful brilliancy.

☞ Female clerks are now employed in the departments at Washington. In the Treasury Department they are employed in trimming green-backs. What better could be, than that the tender sex should prepare the legal tender.

THE IGNEOUS THEORY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors:—I do not profess to much science, yet what I have is at your service. Mr. Boyden's article, as you observe, seems to need some reply, and though I have not read the remarks of Professor Agassiz, I judge from the quotations given that they partake more of the character of assertion than proof. In the first extract given the Professor tells us that our planet, when first thrown off from the central mass, revolved through space cold enough to cool and consolidate its surface. To this I too take exception. There is not a particle of evidence that the celestial spaces are cold; on the contrary I think it susceptible of proof that they are filled with pure caloric, this being the fluid substance that conducts the vibrations of light. The proofs of this are too long to be given here, but I have no objection to give them in another article if any one desires it.

How then did the crust cool, and how was its first result the formation of an atmosphere? Under the igneous theory the original form of matter on the globe was the gaseous. We are aware of the great capacity of gases for latent heat, and also that as we ascend in the atmosphere, where the density decreases with the diminished pressure, this capacity for heat increases in proportion. It is only when the air becomes loaded with heat beyond its capacity that this heat becomes disagreeably apparent to us, in other cases its attractive desire for heat resisting the attraction of solids. It is even probable that most of the apparent heat in the atmosphere is given off directly by the surface of the earth. Hence it is not impossible that a globe, entirely in a gaseous state, would seem as cold to a human being as is our upper atmosphere. We know that whenever the atmosphere receives a superabundance of heat, it ascends until it reaches an elevation where its amount of contained heat just equals the natural capacity of air for heat at that point. In a gaseous globe composed of varied materials each must have its peculiar capacity for heat, and must take a position in the mass consistent with its relative weight. Some substances retain heat with less tenacity than others, consequently some must have constantly yielded it to the greater attraction of others. The lighter the gas the greater the capacity for heat. There must then have been a constant circulation of heat from the heavier to the lighter gases, and a constant upward circulation in these in order to preserve an equilibrium. Thus we perceive that there would be an incessant tendency to carry the heat to the surface, never to return it. This could only result in the gradual yielding of heat to the celestial spaces and consequent cooling of the earth. As for the atmosphere, the lightest gas, which took its place at the surface, would act as an atmosphere to the others, and was probably of nearly the same composition as our present atmosphere.

The natural result of all this would be the cooling of the crust so as to reduce it to a liquid, and in time to a solid state, all gaseous particles not then capable of this state escaping into the atmosphere.

In the great business of chemical combination, aqueous vapor was perhaps one of the first formations, very heavily impregnating the atmosphere, and probably forming a very efficient agent in the circulation of heat. I can perceive nothing novel in its rising from the heated mass below. Who can say that even now atmospheric and aqueous vapor is not being formed in the constant chemical operations of the earth's crust, and being given off. As to its falling as rain, it would inevitably fall if the air was overloaded beyond its power of retaining it, whatever the state of heat in the surface. True, this heat might reduce it instantly to vapor again, causing thus an incessant fall of rain, and as incessant a rising of vapor which, it is evident, would be of most powerful assistance in reducing the heat of the crust.

Mr. Boyden takes exception to the Professor's remarks in regard to there being a sea of liquid fire beneath the solid crust of the earth. Science has long been investigating the same subject, and has found facts sufficient to answer all his objections.

We know, as he remarks, that heat passes from a heated to a cold body. We are aware also that the crust of the earth is a slow conductor of heat. And we are also aware of what he seems to ignore, that this cold crust is slowly conducting the internal heat to the surface. Observations on the internal temperature of the crust show plainly a gradual increase as we descend. This increase is invariable over the whole surface, and is at such a ratio as would at the depth of some fifty miles reduce the solid crust to a fluid condition. This phenomenon is doubtless due to the cause to which Mr. Agassiz attributes it, the thickness of the crust and its imperfect conduction slowly decreasing the heat till, at the surface, drunk up by the insatiable air, its effect is entirely lost in that of the sun. In regard to the few miles depth of sea water spilt upon this thick crust, it doubtless is influenced by this heat, but must yield it to the air as fast as it obtains it.

The heat is undoubtedly there. Heat naturally tends to ascend. No more than air will it descend naturally into denser substance so long as it has air, with its conducting medium, aqueous vapor, to draw it upwards. It then must rise from some internal reservoir, and there can be none such conceived of, consistent with all the phenomena, but that of the internal molten state of the earth.

In regard to the lava now ejected not becoming granite, etc., Geology gives us unquestionable evidences of formerly ejected matter which differs materially from the present lava. We have only to consider the manner in which circumstances influence chemical action, the immense variety of compounds derived from a few original elements, and the probability that the present internal matter may be essentially different in its composition from that first condition of matter which consolidated into the original crust, to perceive sufficient basis for this difference.

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are evidently connected, and are not, as Mr. Boyden asserts, limited in their action. On the contrary the same convulsion has been known to affect the surface to a very wide extent. The operations of earthquakes are often on so extensive a scale as to render it impossible they could proceed from the local and insufficient cause mentioned by Mr. Boyden, pointing rather to a most powerful and deep-seated cause.

Mr. Boyden's theory of internal heat is ingenious, and this is all I can say for it. He brings no established fact in proof of it, and his reasoning establishes nothing. I doubt if he has tried his ball of plaster, and advise him to do it, to see if he can possibly cause his ball to become continually more heated as he approaches its centre. I imagine that, in spite of his efforts, he will find the greatest heat at its surface, with a tendency to pass off rather than to penetrate. Just so with the earth. Heat must obey the law which impresses on it an upward tendency. Observation has shown that it descends to a certain distance, gradually decreasing, till it reaches a point where the internal heat equals it, and here is found a point of invariable temperature. Below this the internal heat operates, causing a gradual increase.

In the next quotation, in regard to the shrinking of the crust as it cools, Mr. B. may be right; and yet the effort of the crust to adapt itself to the shrinking fluid surface within, would produce just such wrinkles and folds.

In regard to the forming of slate from the action of heat upon clay, I do not perceive that, in his illustration, he considers the great differences in the circumstances, which are perhaps quite sufficient to account for all the difference in effect.

Mr. A. is in error in supposing that water is the only fluid that expands when freezing. Probably all fluids do. Here I agree with Mr. B.

Considering the next quotation, Mr. B. is rather unfair in imputing to Professor Agassiz a meaning which is entirely different from the real meaning of his remarks. I need not seek to clear Mr. A. from the absurdity imputed to him. He plainly means that the solid, not the liquid crust, became in time covered by an unbroken ocean of water, through which America was the first dry land lifted. That mountains and mountain chains have been uplifted by single and powerful convulsions, is proved by the rent and dislocated condition of the surrounding strata; also by several similar phenomena in historic times.

Mr. Boyden must certainly make his theories more consistent with nature before he attempts to overthrow with them all previous scientific structure.

For what theories of my own I have given here I stand responsible, ready to prove them if necessary, and to give them up if shown to be untenable.

I would like to see Professor Agassiz himself, or some one conversant with scientific matters, take up this subject. As for myself, I am but a small fish, floundering in the sea of philosophy.

Respectfully, CHARLES MORRIS.
Philadelphia.

☞ The railroad depot at Terre Haute, Ind., was struck by lightning recently, and Charles Cochran, the agent of the road, who has been deaf for several years past, was knocked down. When the agent got up, he was restored to his hearing.

THE REBEL LEADERS.—Ben. McCulloch—Felix K. Zollicoffer—Albert Sidney Johnston—Maxcy Gregg—and now Earl Van Dorn and Stonewall Jackson—the master-spirits of the great rebellion have passed away. Cobb, Toombs, Wise, Floyd, Humphrey Marshall, and other generals of the first batch, have resigned or been quietly shelved—even Joseph E. Johnston, who was long commander-in-chief, has rendered no active service since he fell from his horse shot through the body at Fair Oaks, and is probably an invalid for life. "The rebellion, like Saturn, is devouring its children."

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 16, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	[illegible] prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	[illegible] dis.	New Jersey,	par to 1 dis.
Florida,	—	New York City,	—
Georgia,	50 dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	50 dis.
Indiana,	3 to [illegible] dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	—	South Carolina,	50 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	[illegible] to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

Charles Dickens ought to be a good judge of faces, and yet he says of a Prison in Munich:—

"The number of female prisoners is very small in comparison with the men. At one particular washing-tub stood four women. Our conductor spoke to one of them, this being the signal for us to notice them. Two looked up and fairly beamed with smiles. One, a tall, and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. I felt a sort of delicacy in staring at her, her looks were so modest. A fourth, a fat, ill-looking, old woman, also, never looked at the visitors. The two who smiled had remarkably agreeable faces; one with good features and a very mild expression; the other a small woman, and though with blooms on her cheeks, a certain sad, anxious expression about the eyes and mouth. Of which of these four women were we to hear a fearful history related? The only one who looked evil was the fat, old woman. As soon as we were in the court our conductor said—

"Now, what do you say about those women?"

"Three out of the four," we remarked, "are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison, and, judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say that they could not be guilty of much crime; perhaps the fat old woman may be so; that tall, young girl is not only handsome but gentle-looking."

"That tall young girl," replied the guide, "was one who, a year or two ago, murdered her fellow-servant, and cutting her up, buried her in the garden. The little woman next to her, some two years since murdered her husband; and the handsome, kind and motherly-looking woman, who stood next, destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat old woman is only in for a slight offence." So much for judging from physiognomy.

☞ Ploughing the sea often causes *harrowing* sensations in the stomach, and the deeper the furrows the worse for the *crop.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

Stores have poured in so generously since the recent terrific battle at Chancellorsville, that we are encouraged in the belief that an increased interest has been awakened throughout the state in the Commission. True, the demand is still greater than the supply; but our letters are also encouraging. From Clinton county, a lady writes, "The Commission seems in some cases to have been unknown even by name, and all information is eagerly sought for. The circulars arrived, and I found them quite in demand. The right spirit seems to be roused, and the present battle makes us all more immediately alive to the necessities of the hour." The Secretary of an Aid Society in Tioga county writes:—

"Our society is a small one, and our means limited, so that we find the great rise in materials of all kinds a serious hindrance to our efforts, but as we organized 'FOR THE WAR,' we have no intention of giving up the work."

We want our co-workers to know how such letters as these strengthen us in our labors. A letter from a lady residing in Schuylkill county contains the following:—"Many of our loyal ladies think Government ought to furnish what is needed."

This objection has been often answered, and were it true, the default of Government would not excuse us in leaving our soldiers to perish without an effort to save them. But it is only partially true.

While active operations are in progress, and especially at the close of great battles, the prompt and thorough relief and treatment of the sick and wounded requires an amount of force, in men, material, and transportation, which no government has heretofore been able to keep permanently attached to its medical department. At such times volunteer aid from without is indispensable to prevent the most fearful suffering, and waste of life, however faithful and untiring the Medical Staff may be. Such aid must be regularly organized, in order to be economical and efficient, and the Commission, with its large corps of officers and agents on the ground, experienced in their duties, and in confidential communication with the military authorities, seems the best organization through which the sympathy and affection of the people can reach and relieve the people's army.

On this subject, the President of the Commission says:

"Remember that the present destitution of the sick and wounded, which it requires such exertions on the part of the Commission to alleviate, is in spite of the comprehensive, energetic and liberal exertions of the Medical Department and the Government. The admirable head of the Medical Department, Surgeon General Hammond, is laboring with most indefatigable zeal, and with the most humane and enlightened ideas, to do all the resources of the Government allow him to do *for* the sick and wounded. But, although the expenses of his department will this year be over $10,000,000, the field of care and want is too vast to be covered even by that expenditure.

"The practical difficulties of carrying out the intentions of the Government, in reference to so vast a body as an army of 130,000 invalids, produce immense suffering in spite of the utmost liberality and energy in the Medical Department and the Government.

"Supposing only one-eighth of what is necessary and humane, in the vast requirements of the sick and wounded, to be unavoidably left undone by Government: to supply that deficiency would require a force, in men and money, equivalent to one-seventh of the present force and the present means of the Medical Department. That is, it would require at least five hundred men and a million and a half of dollars! Now the Sanitary Commission has, perhaps, during the last year, had what is equivalent to half that force of men, money, and capacity of supplies, at its disposal. It has done, therefore, at the best, only half what remained to be done! There remains a sixteenth part of the preventable suffering of the sick and wounded unalleviated. On this sixteenth part, *local and State associations have made some impression, but, owing to inconstant or ill-arranged methods, they have really embarrassed about as much as they have helped the Department.* But the point to be steadily kept in view is, that the sum of misery is confessedly beyond all that the Medical Department and the Sanitary Commission can do with their present resources, and that it is not from any want of zeal or labor on their part that more is not accomplished, but simply because the work is larger than their means and instrumentalities. Do not wonder, then, at the stories of neglect, of suffering, of want, you hear from soldiers and from hospitals. They may, any of them, be true, and neither of us be to blame. You must not measure either the Medical Department or the Sanitary Commission by what they do not do, but by what they do! None can be so well aware as they of what remains to be done. If you would alleviate this misery and want, send the Sanitary Commission larger supplies. This is the only remedy you have. Make the supplies *adequate*, and you shall have no reason to complain.

"We have, then, only to urge again the instant and earnest response of each and every home and sewing circle, and soldiers' relief association, to the urgent cry for supplies. You cannot make too instant, or too generous, or too long continued efforts to meet the whole case! The homes of the land must protect the brave men who have left their comforts to battle for the liberties of their country. We have no right to luxuries or extra comforts, while they continue half-clad or half-succored. Do not believe any stories which would discourage your efforts. All the noisy reports about the abuse of your gifts, the waste of supplies, the stealing by hospital stewards and surgeons, have the usual per centage of the truth in them; they are just as true as, and no more so than, similar charges brought against any large body of men, or any great instrumentality. So far as the Sanitary Commission is involved, it denies their truth utterly, where its own agency or agents are concerned."

Truly, as a New York report says—

"It is the farmers and villagers who are making the real sacrifices for the war; they work early and late for the soldiers, before and after the day's work is done. They walk and drive for miles, through snow and mud, to the weekly sewing circle. They go from house to house, begging money and materials they *deny themselves*. 'I and a few friends have determined not to buy any more new material for our own clothes, now that the prices are so high, and the hospital supplies are so much needed,' writes one of these women. 'We cannot afford any longer to give both to ourselves and to the soldiers.'

"The work is no longer being carried on from motives of humanity, as it was at first; it has become a test of *patriotism*. Those who are the truest patriots, the real lovers of the Union, are the earnest, steadfast workers."

A very interesting letter from an agent of the Sanitary Commission with the army of the frontier, appears in a Boston paper. The letter is dated Springfield, Missouri, April 9th, and is exceedingly encouraging to the "faithful doers of small things."

The writer says that those who give of their labor, or bestow of their goods, in ever so small quantities to the frontier regions, can hardly realize the good that they are doing in those desolate sections which are bare of the commonest comforts of life. To know how necessary it is that they should continue faithful in every good work, they need but to witness in those hospitals, the great lack, and oftentimes the total want of many comforts, and the joy when the supply comes. He speaks of the suffering which has arisen from the want of even so common an article as rags for dressing wounds, to show how great may be the benefit of gifts that would be trifles to those who cannot know the sad reality; and who may be withheld from doing small things because they are not able to "do some great things." Let every individual then give in proportion to his or her means.

"Mite offerings," if no more—and the aggregate shall be such an amount, that even in the most remote field hospital, the men upon whose shoulders we have laid "the bloody and fearful task" of saving our country shall never again have reason to think themselves forgotten. To show what the young are capable of accomplishing, we cannot refrain from speaking of several contributions which we have had of late. A boy at school in Bloomsbury raised the sum of fifty dollars among his school-mates and sent it to the "Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission" for the use of the "Special Relief Committee." A young lady of this city held a fair in her own house with the assistance of four of her friends, and realized the sum of 300 dollars, which was also given to the "Special Relief Committee." Now, it is not every young person who could have had their efforts crowned with as much success as in these two instances, but as every drop of water tends to swell the rill, so every dollar contributed to the Sanitary Commission makes its channel wider. We have heard with interest of a young girl in the state of Delaware, who happening to see in the columns of this paper the call made upon farmers, immediately ordered the gardener to prepare two large beds of onions, which she offered to take care of herself, and although the call was made but two weeks since, we understand that the tender green shoots of the onions are already some inches above the ground. The same young girl, although living out from the city of Wilmington, took some copies of THE POST to the office of the Delaware State Journal in a drenching rainstorm, and requested the editor to copy the Sanitary Commission articles. She said, "I took them there, because it was the only thoroughly Union paper in the city; and I knew he would copy them, and he did."

Now will not such examples as these stimulate others to go and do likewise? There is no estimating the amount of good which a zealous worker like this one may accomplish. Wherever that journal goes, an interest will be awakened in the Commission: for we feel that its workings need only to be known to secure the confidence and affection of the people in it, as the most economical and reliable channel for the bounty of the people to flow to our suffering soldiers.

"Among the pleasant things of the Sanitary Commission is the occasional meeting with marks and inscriptions upon the goods received, sometimes with short notes to whomsoever the articles may fall. We have heard it said, that "nothing does soldiers so much good as words of praise, or of sympathy, and inspiring cheer, especially from women;—nothing so stimulates them to brave deeds as a woman's approval." Perhaps we have been wanting in the expression of our feelings toward them; but we know that we have not been wanting in the feelings! Let us then send our sympathetic words—our words of commendation and appreciation; and try, "by keeping fresh in their hearts the pure memories of home, the sweet thoughts of mothers and sisters, by recalling the sacred teachings of the Sabbath-school and the church, to prepare them to die Christianly in the service of their country, or, if their lives are spared, to return to us worthy and wholesome members of society." One or two more instances from the pen of the writer of the Missouri letter, and we close this article.

Upon a small cushion intended to furnish ease for a wounded limb, was found pinned this touching note from a little child. "Little Luly Seward sends this to some wounded soldier. She knows how bad it feels. She had her leg broken once."

"One of the things most provocative of good humor, was a blue patch-bag, containing numberless balls of yarn, of all colors, with many darning-needles, put up expressly by some thoughtful mother, that the soldiers might be able to mend or have mended their socks."

Thus, the thoughtful mothers, and the little children, the young maidens, and the school-boys, are doing their parts in this great work of God and humanity; and as day after day, we receive fresh testimonials of their co-operation with us, we feel strengthened to "lend ourselves with renewed energy, courage, patience, and hope, to our holy cause."

When any bills are returned for freight to Societies sending their supplies to us, they should be immediately forwarded to 1307 Chestnut street, for settlement, as we wish to pay *all* such charges.

The articles most needed for the sufferers in the late battle are—liquors, home-made as well as imported wine, crackers, beef preparations, jelly, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, canned vegetables, bed-ticks, and blankets.

Just as we are sending our material to press, we have received a letter from Rittston, giving a list of articles sent by the "Ladies' Soldier's Aid," to which is appended another list of things prepared by the "Little Girls' Soldier's Aid Society," under the superintendence of Miss Georgie Robertson. We give it entire, to encourage "the faithful doers of small things," and to stimulate others to follow their example:

6 pairs of slippers.
29 handkerchiefs.
25 towels.
3 boxes of lint.
6 dozen bandages.
3 pairs of woolen socks.

The thanks of the W. P. B. are due to these diligent little workers.

We have received a letter from Nashville which disproves the statements referred to in our number of May 9th, but we have not room to insert it.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been unsettled and very dull; the week's sales comprise 7000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment at $6@6,25 for standard and good straight superfine; $6,37½@6,75 for extras; $7@7,50 for Ohio extra family, the latter for good round hoop, and $8,50@9 for fancy do, including about 1000 bbls City Mills, mostly Jenny Lind family, at $8,12½ ℔ bbl. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality, and low grades superfine at $5,75@5,87½ ℔ bbl. Rye Flour is steady at $5. Corn Meal is inactive, and Pennsylvania meal scarce and firm at $4,25; Brandywine is held at $4,37½ ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat; prices 5@10c ℔ bus lower; sales comprise about 30,000 bus, mostly good to prime Pennsylvania reds at $1,60@1,70, and white at from $1,70 to $1,80, as in quality. Rye comes in slowly, and Pennsylvania has been sold at $1,07@1,10, which is an advance. Corn is better, with less arriving, and 60,000 bus have been disposed of at 92@93c for prime yellow, in store and afloat; 92@93c for white, the latter for prime, and 91½@92c for Western mixed, in store. Oats are less active, and some 30,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania, sold at 80@82c, weight. Barley and Malt are quiet, with small sales of the former to note at $1,25@1,30.

PROVISIONS—There is very little demand for bbld Meats; Mess Pork is steady, but dull at $14½@15 for Western and city packed, and Mess Beef at $12@14 ℔ bbl, Western and city. Of Beef Hams we notice further sales at $17@17½ ℔ bbl. Bacon moves off as wanted and the sales are mostly confined to Hams at 11@12c for plain and fancy bagged; Shoulders are quoted at 6@6½c, and Sides at 7c. Green Meats are steady, but quiet at 7@7½c for Hams in salt; 8½@9c for do in pickle, and 5@5½c for Shoulders in salt, with sales of 500 tcs of the former. Lard is held at 10½@10¾c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@12c for kegs. Butter is very dull at 14@15c for Roll. Cheese is but little inquired for at 10@12c ℔ ℔. Eggs are steady at 13c ℔ dozen.

COTTON is dull, and 3@4c lower, the sales footing only 140@150 bales within the range of 60@63c for middlings, cash.

ASHES—Both Pots and Pearls are steady, but inactive at previous quotations.

BARK—The receipts and stocks are light, with sales of about 150 hhds 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $35 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark is wanted at fully former rates.

BEESWAX is steady, and taken on arrival at 45c ℔ ℔.

COAL—The market continues active and on the advance. Prices—Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℔ ton, $5,30@5,50; Prepared do $5,30@5,50; Red Ash do $5,50@5,60; Lehigh Lump do $5,62@5,75; Prepared do $5,75; by retail do $6,50; Schuylkill Prepared do, $6.

COFFEE—The market is firm; 500 bags found buyers, in small lots, at full rates, including Rio at 30@32½c; Laguayra at 33c; Jamaica at 31@31½c; and St. Domingo at 29c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER—Of Yellow Metal the sales are limited at 30c for sheets, and 32c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continue inactive, and good western move off as wanted at 47@48c ℔ ℔.

FRUIT is dull and neglected, with but little inquiry for Dried Apples and Peaches, and prices are nearly nominal. Sales of the former are reported at 5@5½c ℔ ℔.

HAY is selling from the yards at $1,15@1,25 the 100 ℔s.

HEMP is dull and neglected.

HOPS continue dull, and the demand limited at 18@24c ℔ ℔ for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is little doing; we quote Anthracite Pig nominally at $33, 34 and 35 ℔ ton for the three numbers. Of Manufactured Iron the sales are moderate, and chiefly confined to Bars and Rails, without change in quotations.

LEAD is firmer, with a further small sale of Galena to note at 9c ℔ ℔.

LUMBER is firm and the demand good, White Pine selling at $22@24; Yellow Sap $21@22; Lehigh Boards $12@18; do Scantling $9,50@10, and White Pine Shingles at $18@24 ℔ 1000. Laths are worth $1,40@1,60, as to quality.

MOLASSES—There is more activity in the market, and prices are well maintained; 900 hhds Cuba sold, part private and part at 40@47c, on time, the latter for Muscovado, and 600 bbls New Orleans, mostly by auction, at 40@48c, cash.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and soft commands $5@5,25 ℔ ton.

RICE—There is little or no stock here, and Rangoon is held at 8@8½c ℔ ℔, which is an advance; 100 bags sold at the former rate.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing. We quote Clover nominally at $5@5,25, Timothy $1,50@2, and Flaxseed at $3@3,25 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is little or nothing doing in Brandy or Gin, but holders are very firm in their views. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 65@66c. Whiskey continues dull and neglected, and the sales of bbls limited at 45@46c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and drudge 44c.

SUGAR—The market is steady. Sales reach about 450 hhds Cuba at 10½@11c, and 500 hhds New Orleans; the latter mostly sold by auction, at 9@12½c, cash.

TALLOW is quiet and the sales small, at 10½@11½c ℔ ℔, the latter for city rendered.

TOBACCO—The demand for both leaf and manufactured continues limited, and prices nominally unchanged.

WOOL—The market continues almost at a stand still; a few small lots common and medium fleece have been disposed of at 50@55c, nett.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1560 head. The prices realized were from 10 to 13½ cts ℔ ℔. 70 Cows brought from $20 to 35 ℔ head. 1500 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10c ℔ ℔ gross. 630 Hogs at from $7,50 to 8,50 ℔ cwt.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th of Jan. by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. JAMES H. SHUSTER, to Miss LYDIA C. SAYRE, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. ISAAC S. DEHMEME, of the city of Washington, to Miss SUE V. BENDER, of this city.

On the 2d of Jan. by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, Dr. J. K. CASSEL, U. S. A., to Miss KATE A. youngest daughter of Mr. C. Weeks, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. ALONZO POWELL, to Miss KATE L. DOUGLAS, daughter of Josiah H. Douglas, Esq. both of this city.

On the 2d of Oct. last, by the Rev. N. Frame, Mr. WILLIAM H. KESSLER, to Miss HARRIET F. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Shrigley, Mr. J. HENRY DONNERT, to Miss AMANDA R. CLARK, daughter of Jacob W. Clark, both of this city.

On the 18th of March, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, Mr. DAVID LYSTER, to Miss MARGARET WOOD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, JAMES F. HISKELL, in his 36th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM SEDDON, in his 45th year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARTHA ADAMS, aged 48 years.

On the 11th instant, MARY ROTHWELL, in her 33d year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN R. COXE, Jr. aged 65 years.

On the 10th instant, GEORGE R. HARMSTAD, in his 63d year.

On the 10th instant, THOMAS COMBS, in his 56th year.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM GREEN, aged 76 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. LOUISA A. wife of Jacob Foster, aged 42 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. RACHEL THOMSON, relict of the late Jas. Thomson, in her 65th year.

On the 8th instant, SAMUEL CLARK, in his 35th year.

On the 7th instant, THOMAS WARREN, in his 29th year.

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
PHALON'S COCIN,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.
FOR THE HAIR.

Principal Depot 517
Broadway, New York.
For sale by all fancy
dealers and grocers.

SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.

TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.

The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—*Philadelphia Press.* my23-3m

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS
FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Ventriloquism and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for 5 cts. Address HANDLEY & JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois. my16-2t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 36 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

ELEGANT PARLOR PICTURES
SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID.

Photograph copies of choice and costly Engravings are now made with such minuteness and perfection that all the beauty and effects of the original are reproduced. I am furnishing these at prices within the reach of every one—prices quite as low as those asked for inferior Engravings and Lithographs. Among the subjects are—

	SIZE.	PRICE.
"Evangeline,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Interrupted Reader,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Dream of the Future,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do. do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
"Mutual Instruction,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Family Worship,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Glimpse of an English Homestead,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do. do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
do. do.	No. 3.	1,25 cts.
"Shakspeare and Cotemporaries,"	No. 3.	1,25 cts.
"Lion in Love,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do. do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
do. do.	No. 3.	1,25 cts.
"Heavenly Consolation,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
do. do.	No. 2.	75 cts.
"Olivia,"	No. 1.	50 cts.
"Greek Slave," by Hiram Powers,	No. 1.	50 cts.

☞ Sent by mail, on firm rollers, postage paid.

☞ Catalogues of over Five Hundred *Cartes de Visite*, for Albums, of distinguished persons, fine pictures, and works of art, sent on application. The price of these *Cartes de Visite*, by mail, post paid, is 15 cents each, 8 for $1, or 20 for $2. They are among the finest made. All orders promptly filled.

Address GEORGE GILLIARD,
Office of "HOME MAGAZINE,"
my23-6t 323 Walnut St., Philada.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with	
Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	70,00
Plain Table,	65,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with	
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

THE CULTURIST,
THE HANDSOMEST AND CHEAPEST
AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL
Monthly Journal in the United States.
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR.
Send a Penny Stamp for Specimen Number.
A. M. SPANGLER,
No. 25 N. Sixth Street,
my2-tf Philadelphia.

WHY IS CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE POPULAR?
Read the Universal Answer to this Question:
BECAUSE
It imparts a natural black or brown.
It does not crisp or burn the Hair.
It does not soil the fairest skin.
It is applied in ten minutes.
THEREFORE
The man of taste approves it.
Those who value Silken Hair use it.
The ladies everywhere prefer it.
Those to whom time is valuable patronize it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. my23-eow2t

UNITED STATES
FIVE-TWENTIES;
OR,
TWENTY-YEAR
SIX PER CENT. BONDS,
PAYABLE AT THE OPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for the above

LOAN AT PAR,
THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,
AND IS
PAYABLE IN GOLD, AT THE MINT,
OR THE SUB-TREASURY OR DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES,
On the first day of May and November of each year.

AT THE PRESENT PREMIUM ON GOLD THESE BONDS YIELD ABOUT
EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

A full supply of these Bonds always on hand.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 S. THIRD STREET.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
ap4-16t No. 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILADA.

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. may2-1y

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM.
1609 AND 378 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c.,
has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

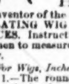
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

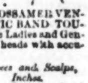
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.



R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

Wit and Humor.

YOU ARE NEATER.

[A song to the air of "Juniata," the burden of which is frequently sung by a lady who allows no followers, is tormented to death with idle servants, and who never yet was comfortably suited with a parlor maid of common tidiness that didn't marry the baker. This is the fiftieth edition.]

Hark! from the area
Comes the tinkling of the bell;
'Tis the young baker,
Miss, you know right well.
Servants in plenty
I had ere now;
You're one in twenty—
What? You've got to go?
Neater? Yes, you are neater;
What? For all that we must part?
Neater? Yes, you are neater,
[Look, there's the young man's cart.]

Ne'er did I meet a
Housemaid like young gazelle,
Who took my fancy,
But she was sure to take the policeman's fancy, or the baker's fancy, or the fancy of the young man at the corner as well.
Oft in the oven
I find the servant's beau;
Oft she's a sloven,
And she has to go.
Neater? Yes, you are neater,
That but aggravates the case;
Neater? Yes, you are neater,
I wonder, I really do, miss, how you can have the audacity to look me in the face.

O. V. M.

The twenty-seventh Ohio, which must be remembered by everybody who read of the desperate defence of Battery Robinet, at Corinth, has in its ranks some chaps who love fun as well as a fight. When it came into the *service*, the old belts and plates which had been manufactured in peace times for the *Ohio Volunteer Militia* were not all disposed of, and the waists of the twenty-seventh were consequently all labelled, O. V. M. Though the U. S. had displaced most of these initials, a few of the old ones are still in use. On the 4th of October a corporal, wearing one of the old belts, was in command of a squad who were bringing in some rebel prisoners. After our men had passed the compliments of the day with their prisoners, and the canteens were duly emptied, one of the rebels inquires—

"Corporal, what the devil does O. V. M. stand for?"

"Oh, my plate, you mean?" says the corporal; "that stands for *Ohio Visiting Mississippi. We had a few made on purpose for this campaign.*"

That Must Have Hurt.—Little folks will frequently say very clever things at the great expense of big ones. Says a humorist:—"My friend, Adam S—— is a gay bachelor of some thirty-five years; and though he is a devoted admirer of the ladies, yet time has shown its workings on his brow, and a '*scratch*,' of the latest cut and fashion, now covers the place where the hair *used* to grow. He has a fine little nephew of some four summers, who is a close observer of everything around him, and with whom 'Uncle Adam' is an especial favorite.—While seated at breakfast one morning, the chat of the ladies, young and old, suddenly ceased, when 'our Willie' broke the silence with:—'Ma, ma, I'll tell you something:—*Uncle Adam puts on his hair like a jacket!*' Uncle Adam's confusion and dismay may be imagined, when it is remembered that a blooming girl of sixteen, on whom he was 'sweet,' was present."

Mrs. Partington on Cosmetics.—"That's a new article for beautifying the complexion," said Mrs. Bibb, holding up a small bottle for Mrs. Partington to look at.

She looked up from toeing out a woolen sock for Ike, and took the bottle in her hand.

"Is it, indeed?" said she; "well, they may get up ever so many rostrums for beautifying the complexion, but, depend upon it, the less people have to do with bottles for it, the better. My neighbor, Mrs. Blotch, has been using a bottle for a good many years for her complexion, and her nose looks like a rupture of Mount Vociferous, with the burning lather running all over the contagious territory."

A Heart that Feels for Another.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum o' one hundred pounds a year. Is that written down, maester?"

"Yes. But she is not so old; she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? most people do."

"Ay, do they? Well, write again, and say: And if my wife marries again, I give and bequeath to her the sum of two hundred pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, maester?"

"Why, it's generally the other way; the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Ay, but him as gets her 'll deserve it."

☞ Our greenhorn desires to know why crockeryware dealers are unlike all other storekeepers? and adds, very innocently, "Because it won't do for them to *crack up* their goods."

Things to be Coveted, and the Opposite.—The lady o' Birsicknowe was one of the long, lank, high-boned, coarse-made women. It was in the days when catechising the members of the family was an important and never-failing part of the Sabbath evening's duties. On the Sabbath evening of our story, the laird o' Birsicknowe had been catechising on the tenth commandment:—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," &c., and, after dismissing the servants, the laird and his pluffy-faced son were sitting at the "chimneying," while the guidwife was going about some necessary household duties. The laird, while rubbing his shins and musing, suddenly broke out with the inquiry—"What could the reason be that the house was put before the wife in the comman't?" The question set the young hopeful musing, but he immediately rejoined—"I dinna ken, faither, but there's plenty o' folk would covet Birsicknowe that wadna covet mither."

THE WITCHERY OF LOVE.

A student turns out from college with honors on his head, his mind replete with learning, and not a stir in his affections, except for his kindred. A damsel passes his track and takes his heart along with her, and ten to one that she does not leave her own behind her. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for?

A trancendentalist walks out from his library, stock full of the deepest metaphysics. He finds on his way a little satin shoe of the nicest shape, and before he has time to count ten, some bright-eyed creature whom he never saw takes complete possession of his soul. To what shall we attribute this witchery?

A miser of sixty years and several millions sterling, who never did a generous act, sees a blue ribbon fastened with a common brass pin around the waist of a girl not worth a sixpence, and before three days he makes her mistress of all his wealth, and turns out to be a happy, jovial person. Who can give a logical account of the proceeding?

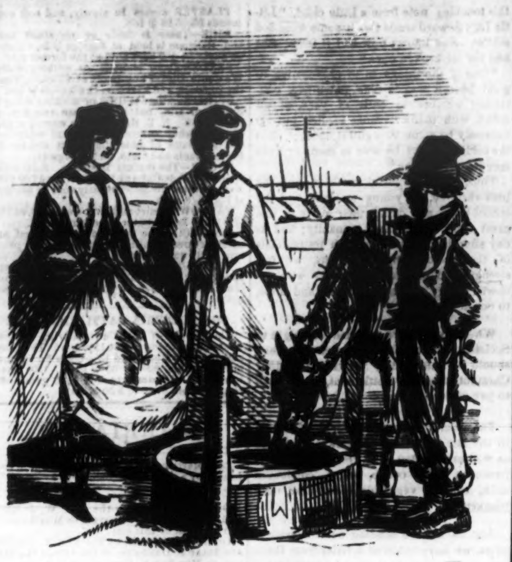
A stern warrior, wedded to nothing but strict discipline for the glory of his country, enters a ball-room in a foreign clime, where he meets a Spanish girl of sixteen, who takes away his old, stout, honest heart, with a simple twirl of her fan. Can we get a mathematical demonstration of the manœuvring by which this conquest was effected?

Roman Ladies.—A writer upon this subject remarks:—"The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue imposes upon the sex in Northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's, 'Tell that gentleman I like him.' If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks, 'Are you fond of me?' she replies, with the utmost frankness, 'Yes, dear.' The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate excessive coyness, but do not like too much familiarity." We have heard an anxious lover, whose charmer, well pleased with witnessing the evidence of her power, was bent upon keeping him upon the rack of uncertainty as to the extent of her affection for him, say, that to him this Roman frankness would be enchanting—he would have anything rather than the coquetry that is second nature to American belles. "Ask any sensible man who has had a taste of it," he concluded, "and see if he does not agree with me. Ladies spoil their lovers by tantalizing them."

Hands and Feet.—A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, speaking of the cruel injustice to which the feet are subjected, says "the foot's fingers are the slaves in the republic of the body. Their black leathern integument is only the mask of their servile condition. They bear the burdens, while the hands, their white masters, handle the money and wear the rings. They are crowded promiscuously in narrow prisons, while each of the hand's fingers claims its separate apartment leading from the antechamber in the dainty glove. As a natural consequence of all this, their faculties are cramped; they grow into ignoble shapes, they become callous by long abuse, and all their natural gifts are pushed and trodden out of them."

The Queen's Cooks.—Queen Victoria has an expensive household. Her head confectioner costs three hundred pounds per annum; second, two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, with apartments and travelling expenses; three female assistants and an errand man eighty pounds per annum each; chief pastry-cook, two hundred and fifty pounds a year, with rooms and tending expenses, with one male and ten female assistants, seventy-nine pounds per annum; a butler and his assistant, at fifty pounds and sixty-five pounds each. The total royal expense for making sugar-plums, cakes, and tarts, independent of the cost of materials, is one thousand two hundred pounds per annum.

☞ Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.



A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend).—"Oh, isn't it a pretty sight to see the poor horse drink?"

Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly).—"Sure, thin, it would be a dale prettier sight, Miss, to say *me* drink!"

THE DATE.

There is no fruit that can be eaten so constantly, or with so much impunity, as the date. It is like bread, and is bread to whole nations of orientals. And what a delicious bread, baked by the sun, and showered in profusion upon the earth, to be gathered and laid up for the future, either dry in huge corbels, or pressed into a conserve, which, when cut into slices, looks and eats like plum-pudding. We have often been present while this dainty was in preparation: first, with a little brush made of fine palm-leaves, the particles of sand are whisked away from the fruit, which, having then been laid open with a sharp flint, the stone is taken out, and if large and fine, laid aside for planting; next, the dates are thrown into a clean, strong, square vessel like a tub, and having been closely pressed by heavy weights laid upon a thick board made to fit, the whole process is completed. Immense quantities of this conserve are exported from Egypt and Arabia into all the neighboring countries, where it is much prized, especially in the harems, where the women and children may almost be said to eat it incessantly.

No man can starve in a date-country during the three months of the year in which the *fruit* is eatable, since he has but to throw up a stone into the tree to bring down his breakfast or his dinner. For this reason chiefly, tents are pitched and villages built in palm-groves; and as hogs are turned into the woods in acorn-time, so children are let loose in the palm-woods throughout the whole period of date-harvest to collect their own provisions, and feed as they list. You may often, as you journey along, observe whole troops of the little gourmands, who, having eaten to repletion, have fallen asleep amid the remains of their meal; while the generous tree, of whose bounty they have partaken, waves and rustles over their heads, letting down occasionally glints of sunshine, which, glancing over their dingy red caps any many-colored rags, convert them into a curious picture.

WOMEN.

From the earliest ages up to the present time, women have been alternately worshipped as "angels" and reviled as "cats" and "serpents"—according as they have behaved to their adorers and detractors. Women puzzled King Solomon and perplexed St. Paul, whose messages to his female converts testify to the difficulty some of them caused him. In our day, however, every schoolboy seems to think he can solve all the difficulties of the woman-question—their natural tendencies, possibilities and prospects in this life. Women, instead of being, as heretofore, the rock on which wise men have split, are now become little more than the blocks which fools try to cut with their razors, while waiting for their beards to grow. What women have been we know pretty well—average human beings, on the whole doing their duties as well as they knew how, nurturing the qualities of their husbands, their sons or their brothers. They have made themselves felt as effectual elements in the ordering of human affairs. There is no instance where a man has become a great leader, either as general, statesman, or religious reformer, who has not had some woman living at the root of his inner life, fostering his ideas and his aims—with whom he has taken counsel—out of whose thoughts he has derived nutriment for his own thoughts—who has helped him, and believed in him, and advised him, and stuck to him, when the whole world seemed against him. Women do not often achieve greatness for themselves, but they are at the bottom of all that is good, and the most of what is bad, in the world.

Agricultural.

PROPAGATING BY CUTTINGS.

Propagating by cuttings is not nearly so well understood by people generally as it should be. We may say by gardeners generally. Nearly all soft wood will grow from cuttings, in the hands of a careful person. It is a common way to multiply grapes, currants, gooseberries, &c; but few persons unacquainted with horticulture, will attempt the same thing with the raspberry and mulberry, with which, following the same method, they would be nearly if not quite as successful.

So with flowering shrubs, which in propagating, are usually "laid down," there is not the least difficulty, though with some the success is not so uniform as with others. All the arborvitæs can be propagated by inserting the branches of last year's wood four or five inches, without removing the leaves.

Now is the time when this work should be done. Prepare the bed, dig deeply, pulverize the soil well, and put it in good order. To be sure of the cutting growing, it should be inserted five or six inches in depth, and place from four to six inches apart, the earth being pressed firmly around them. They should be mulched, and watered moderately daily in warm weather, when the ground is dry. They can be either potted in the fall, or let remain over winter, slightly protected with a little straw or long manure.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TRAINING THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY.

Most cultivators train the Lawton Blackberry as a sturdy bush, allowing it to cover a space of from four to six feet in dameter. In this way we saw it bearing in great profusion on the grounds of Mr. Knox, at Pittsburg. Mr. Mottier has a very different way of training the greedy Lawton, and he thinks it much better than to let it grow in the bush form. His practice is to trim each cane, leaving only spurs of six or eight inches in length, and then tie up the canes to stakes, in the same way that grapes are tied up. By this practice, the Lawton occupies no more space to the vine, than the raspberry, and Mr. Mottier says he gets a better quality of fruit, and much more get-at-able together. We saw canes in his briar patch that would make good bean poles.—*Ohio Farmer.*

KICKING COWS.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer, after trying many methods for breaking cows of the habit of kicking, employed successfully the one described below; adding that some of his neighbors have proved its efficacy as a preventive. He says:—

"When the cow kicks, catch the foot in the hand and draw it close to the cow's body, holding it there until she settles back on you, then let go of it. After several vain attempts at kicking, the cow finding herself caught in her own trap, is very careful how she takes up her foot while milking, and much more how she puts it down."

WOOL-GROWERS' CONVENTION.

A convention of wool-growers was held at Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, and was very largely attended. The principal topic discussed was whether shearing should be done before or after washing. After a careful consideration of the question, it was resolved that the practice of washing sheep be abolished, because,

1st.—It permits of early shearing, which secures a greater quantity of wool, a longer staple, and a better condition of sheep and ewes, through the year.

2nd.—Of the exposure to contagious diseases, such as scab, foot-rot, &c., in places frequented by different flocks to be washed.

3rd.—It is an expensive, unpleasant job, and unhealthy both for man and sheep.

4th.—That the manufacturer must cleanse the wool at all events, and he can do it cheaper than the grower.

5th.—That it is to the interest of wool-growers to put their unwashed wool in as good condition as possible, by keeping their yards well littered, and by throwing away all filth that can be separated from the wool.

6th.—Some lots of wool are more gross and gummy than others, therefore no rate of deduction could be agreed upon suitable to all grades and classes, but that each lot should be bought upon its own merits for quality and condition.

7th.—As generally practiced, washing is little or no improvement to the fleece.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

The very best substitute for coffee, and one within the reach of every one who will cultivate a patch of ground twenty feet square, is what is known in the West as "coffee bean" or "okra." I planted a patch last year in Iowa, thirteen feet square, and bestowed upon it very little labor, and it yielded me five quarts of good seeds, besides a quantity that was damaged by frost. I intend planting a much larger quantity of seed this spring, but I shall sow it about three-and-a-half feet apart, and with good care and plenty of working, if in good soil, it will yield well; I intend cultivating it like corn. When the pods begin to burst it should be gathered; to prepare it for use it should be well washed and dried in the oven, after which it should be roasted; great care should be taken that it does not roast too much.—While parching it, it is necessary to crack a kernel now and then, to see how it is browning. If it is parched too much it acquires a very bitter taste, but when it is properly prepared, I consider it, in every way, equal to the best imported coffee.—G. J. T., *in Baltimore Weekly Sun.*

Useful Receipts.

PLEASANT DRINKS.

Lemonade.—To 1 pint juice 4 lbs. sugar, 2 quarts ice-water. It makes more to soak the halves of lemons that have been squeezed in a little water, a few at a time, using the water.

Mock Lemonade.—½ oz. tartaric acid, 6 oz. sugar, 4 drops essence lemon dropped on the sugar, 1 quart boiling water.

Carbonated Drink.—2 quarts ice-water, 4 tablespoonsful vinegar, 2 teaspoonsful ground ginger. Sweeten to taste, and add 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 do. cream tartar.

Penny Beer.—½ oz. cream tartar, 1 cent's worth sassafras, 1 do. sarsaparilla, 1 do. pipsissaway. All these are bought in the market. Put 1 gallon water to the sassafras, pipsissaway and sarsaparilla, and boil 1½ hours. Then pour it off and add another gallon of water, and boil until the strength is out of the herbs. Pour it boiling on the cream tartar; when about milk warm put in 1 cts. worth yeast. Sweeten with molasses and sugar.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Pour 1 quart vinegar on 1 quart fresh-picked raspberries; the next day strain it through a sieve on another quart of raspberries, and so on 5 or 6 days; then to every pint juice add 1 lb. white sugar, set it in a jar, which must be placed in a pot of boiling water, until scalded through. Bottle.

Ginger Beer.—1 gallon cold water, 1 lb. white sugar, ½ oz. race ginger, 1 sliced lemon, 1 teacup yeast. Let it stand all night to ferment; then pour it off without stirring, bottle it, and add 1 raisin to each bottle.—M. M.

Hoarhound Beer.—Take 1 handful flour, pour 1 quart boiling water over it, 4 tablespoonsful yeast, and put in when cool enough; when risen add 3 lbs. brown sugar, 4 tablespoonsful ground ginger, 1 pint strong hoarhound, (4 cents' worth,) steep it in boiling water; stir this all up, let it be for 12 hours, strain through a linen cloth into bottles.

Portable Lemonade.—Tartaric acid ½ oz., loaf sugar 3 ounces, essence of lemon ½ drachm. Powder the tartaric acid; also the sugar. Mix them, and pour the essence of lemon upon them a few drops at a time; when all is mixed, divide into 12 equal parts, and put them in white paper. When wanted, dissolve 1 in a tumbler of water, and lemonade will be the result.

☞ It has been suggested by a crusty old bachelor, that the talk of cotton famine is sheer nonsense, for if the women would but unbosom themselves, there would be no scarcity.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 17, 19, 25, 11, is an animal.
My 6, 5, 4, is part of the human body.
My 7, 18, 28, 30, is a Dutch coin.
My 8, 16, 6, 3, 4, is a mineral.
My 15, 9, 14, 2, 22, 12, 18, is a surgeon's instrument.
My 19, 16, 10, 28, is an animal.
My 21, 18, 2, 29, is an animal.
My 24, 27, 13, 8, is a part of the human body.
My 26, 9, 2, 28, is in a 21, 24, 1, 2, 11.
My whole is a popular maxim.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 12, 26, 12, 4, 15, 6, 19, 27, 24, is what every one should be.
My 5, 22, 16, 8, 22, 7, 10, 3, 1, is a form of instruction by means of questions and answers.
My 17, 11, 18, 29, is the source of all vegetable life.
My 9, 4, 21, 14, 28, is a player on a certain instrument.
My 25, 2, 20, is a certain kind of straight stick.
My whole is a saying of Pope.

LEWIS T. REE

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in hand, but not in arm.
My 2nd is in house, but not in farm.
My 3rd is in mill, but not in cent.
My 4th is in brake, but not in rent.
My 5th is in less, but not in more.
My 6th is in eight, but not in four.
My 7th is in vale, but not in plain.
My 8th is in Swiss, but not in Dane.
My 9th is in rise, but not in fall.
My 10th is in stake, but not in all.
My 11th is in ruse, but not in play.
My 12th is in come, but not in stay.
My 13th is in size, but not in shape.
My 14th is in wines, but not in grape.
My 15th is in day, but not in night.
My 16th is in battle, but not in fight.
My 17th is in well, but not in ill.
My 18th is in stream, but not in rill.
My 19th is in yes, but not in no.
My 20th is in boys, but not in beaux.
My 21st is in dice, but not in card.
My 22nd is in police, but not in guard.
My 23rd is in eyes, but not in phiz.
My 24th is in pry, but not in quiz.
My 25th is in pie, but not in cake.
My 26th is in stir, but not in bake.
My 27th is in men, but not in mass.
My 28th is in creed, but not in plan.
My whole is true since the world began.

Prompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a masculine name cut short,
Breathed softly in love-tones, or wild in sport;
My second is what grammarians call
An article, used when we speak by all;
My third, away from the city's care,
Points to verdant scenes and reviving air;
My fourth expresses reproof or shame,
And my fifth, an article, ends the same.
My whole is the name of a city great,
The pride of an old and noble State,
And the precept taught in the title given,
Will fit us all for a home in Heaven!

EMILY.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two positive integral numbers, whose sum shall be a square number; the sum of their squares, a cube number; and the sum of their fourth powers a fifth power?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The respective lengths of a degree of latitude in the latitude of 1 degree, 31 minutes, and 8 degrees, 20 1-3 minutes, are 68.714 and 68.77 miles. Required—the respective length of a degree of latitude and of longitude at Philadelphia, its latitude being 39 degrees, 57 minutes, supposing the earth to be a regular spheroid?

Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B live two hundred yards from each other, in a direct line. A road at a right-angle from this line runs direct from A's house to a spring. A road at an angle of 60 degrees from this same line runs from B's dwelling to the aforesaid spring. Required—both the distances from A and from B's house to the spring?

Hollett Academy. ALTAMONT.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a ship and the crew? Ans.—One sails upon the seas, and the others seize upon the sails.

☞ Why is your mouth like a painter's studio? Ans.—Because it contains a *palette*.

☞ Why is a glutton like a ghost? Ans.—Because he's always a gobblin.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—To say No
CHARADE.—Dandelion (Dan-de-lie-on).